



*Robert F. Kennedy and his niece Caroline, age 7, at Hyannis Port in August 1965*

*From a family album*





*Robert Kennedy and Matthew, 7 mo., at Hickory Hill*

*In August 1965, Joseph Kennedy gathered all 24 of his grandchildren for this picture on the porch of his home at Hyannis Port. On the floor, foreground, left to right, are: Mark Shriver (with Robert Kennedy's spaniel, Freckles); Robert's sons Michael and David (behind Michael); Edward Kennedy Jr.; Robert's son Christopher (on hands and knees); Robin Lawford (hand to head); Robert's daughter Mary Kerry and John F. Kennedy Jr. Standing, from left, are: Christopher Lawford; Sydney Lawford; Robert's son Joseph P. Kennedy III; Caroline Kennedy; Timothy Shriver; Maria Shriver, holding her brother Anthony; Robert F. Kennedy Jr.; his brother Matthew on his grandfather's lap and sister Kathleen, standing behind them; Victoria Lawford; Robert Sargent Shriver III; Edward's daughter Kara; William Smith; Stephen E. Smith Jr.; and Robert's daughter Mary Courtney. Since this picture, two more grandchildren have been born: Robert's son Douglas and Edward's son Patrick.*









*Robert Kennedy with his son David, then 9, and daughter Mary Courtney, 8, at Hickory Hill*







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# story of the GUN that killed a dream



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## THE PLAIN DEALER

YOUR BEST NEWSPAPER—ALL DAY

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Mr. Richard Rogge,  
Federal Bureau of Investigation,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

1396 w-64

*Steve Montoya*  
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**story of the  
GUN that killed a dream**

REPRINTED FROM THE PLAIN DEALER - THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1968



## Story of the Gun That Killed a Dream

By DORIS O'DONNELL  
Staff Writer

LOS ANGELES—This is the case history of a gun—the gun used to kill the man who might have been president of the United States.

More significantly, it is also the story of three Americans who at one time or another between 1965 and 1968 owned the gun and kept it legally in their homes.

It is also the story of how the gun went from one hand to another, from one housewife who did not want it around, to another woman who hid it in an attic, then to a boy and finally into the hands of an assassin. A shot from this gun killed one of America's most famous men.

### A Small Dark Revolver

In the summer of 1965, the gun was bought out of fear of racial violence.

In the spring of 1968, the gun changed hands for the last time.

Like thousands of other guns in the United States it had traveled its course from a peaceful personal purpose to shocking violence and death.

The gun is a small dark revolver. It has a 2½-inch barrel.

The gun, wrested from the hands of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan on Wednesday, June 5, 1968, in the kitchen of Hotel Ambassador here, is .22 caliber. It holds eight cartridges.

A bullet fired from this gun struck U.S. Sen. Robert Francis Kennedy behind the right ear. Dr. Thomas T. Noguchi, chief medical examiner of Los Angeles Coun-

*Doris O'Donnell, prize-winning Plain Dealer reporter, has been in Los Angeles covering the Kennedy assassination story.*

ty, said that bullet killed the 42-year-old candidate for president. A second bullet from the same gun struck Sen. Kennedy in the armpit. It traveled to the back of his neck.

The gun was manufactured by Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works in Fitchburg, Mass. It was shipped to a gun wholesaler in Los Angeles.

In August, 1965, when flames from Watts lit the coastal skies and streets were turned into mounds of charcoal and cries of, "Burn, Baby, Burn," echoed among the crackling fires, an American decided to buy a gun — out of fear.

Albert Leslie Hertz, then 70, paid about \$30 for the .22-caliber revolver. He bought it new. He took it to his modest condominium-style home in Alhambra, about 8½ miles from downtown Los Angeles and 15 miles from Watts, the mostly Negro ghetto which fell in love with the rich young man from Boston.

### Owner Once Advised Arab King

Hertz and his wife lived and worked all over the world before the engineer retired. He has been in Panama, South America, Korea, other foreign countries.

He once was a consultant to an Arab king.

Sirhan, accused of killing Sen. Kennedy, is a Jordanian Arab.

Mrs. Hertz, an attractive gray-haired woman of 70, was cooking dinner when I called at their home. She opened the door a crack but would not invite me in. She, like everyone else in the Kennedy affair, had been asked by police not to talk with reporters. Superior Court Judge Arthur L. Alarcon has issued court orders forbidding public officials and others involved to discuss the Kennedy assassination.

"I am sorry. I cannot tell you anything," Mrs. Hertz said.

But something made her relent. Her guard came down a moment, perhaps because I was from Cleveland. She said a Cleveland couple who were related to the family which once owned The Plain Dealer had been their best friends in Panama.

"Mr. Hertz is ill," she said. "You cannot see him."

But she called to him: "Did you buy the gun new? Yes, I thought so. And we gave it to our daughter. I am sorry. It was a terrible thing. I cannot say more. But how strangely things turn out."

She briefly sketched their overseas life. She said it was a coincidence that Sirhan was an Arab sympathizer because her husband—she called him Leslie—had worked for the Arabian government.

"I can understand the feelings of the Arabs; there is so much wealth but so much poverty," she said.

She was a gracious woman. She would have enjoyed, she said, talking with me under different circumstances. This was not the time. The door was firmly shut.

The trail of the gun led to Olive Way, a short dead-end street jungle-like in its flowering of trees and shrubs, at the north end of suburban Pasadena but in Altadena at the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains.

### Adopted Daughter Had It Next

Olive Way has about eight Spanish-style houses on it. Two of them are owned by Robert F. Westlake who lives near San Francisco now. Mrs. Westlake is the adopted daughter of the Hertz couple. She was born in Cleveland, was educated at Green Mountain Junior College in Vermont and had worked in New York for Flying Tiger Line before returning to the West Coast.

The Hertzes, originally from Evanston, Ill., and Chicago, made Pasadena their home when they lived in the United States. Before moving to Alhambra, they lived in a wealthy area of Pasadena.

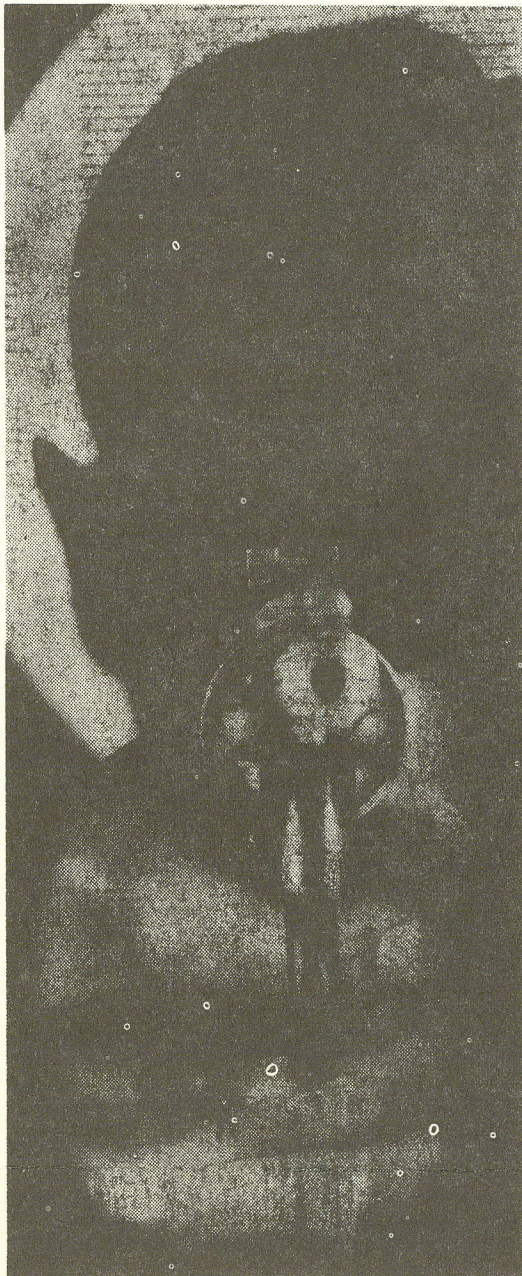
Mrs. Westlake, 35, became the second owner of the gun. She got it from her mother in the summer of 1966, one year after Watts.

Mrs. Westlake, who met her husband on "the street where we lived in Pasadena," has been married 11 years.

"My husband was a chaplain's assistant in the Navy; say that in the paper," Mrs. Westlake said.

She is a bouncy, effervescent, freckle-faced woman with short-cropped blonde hair. The Westlakes now live in a gray frame house on the windswept mountainside in Woodacre near San Geronimo Valley about

Continued on Page 12, Col. 1



Plain Dealer photo (Dudley Brumback)

## U.N. Accord LBJ Hails Nuclear-Ban Treaty

L.A. Times/Washington Post Service

UNITED NATIONS, N. Y.—President Johnson yesterday hailed United Nations approval of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty as "the most important step toward peace" in U. N. history.

Shortly after the General Assembly voted 95 to 4, with 22 abstentions, in support of the treaty, Johnson entered the hall to pledge that the United States would push for further limitations on nuclear armaments.

"We shall search for an agreement that will not only avoid another costly and futile escalation of the arms race but will de-escalate it," he said in his address.

THE PRESIDENT flew from Washington through stormy weather to address the assembly in its final hours and to declare that the long-sought treaty "is the most important international agreement in the field of disarmament since the nuclear age began."

After his speech, the President met with delegates in the lounge before returning to Washington. His trip had not been announced in advance and tight security

was maintained during his brief stay in New York.

VOTING against the treaty, which now must be ratified by the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain and 40 other nations before it becomes effective, were Albania, Cuba, Tanzania and Zambia. The negative vote reflected Communist China's strong opposition to the treaty.

Abstaining were France, which has made it clear it will not ratify it, Algeria, Argentina, Brazil, Burma, India, Portugal, Saudi Arabia, Spain and 13 African countries.

FOLLOWING Johnson's speech, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Vasily V. Kuznetsov and Lord Caradon, the British chief delegate, also gave addresses praising the U.N. action.

The treaty has been sought, particularly by the United States and the Soviet Union, for more than five years. Johnson has long argued for it. When it goes into effect, it will bar nuclear powers from disseminating nuclear

Continued on Page 8, Col. 5

### Access Rights Underlined

## West Blasts Berlin Curbs

© New York Times Service

WASHINGTON—After 24 hours of consultations with the West German government, the United States, Britain and France late yesterday denounced as invalid the proposed East German travel restrictions limiting access to Berlin.

The three nations, which with the Soviet Union were the occupying powers of Berlin, issued a joint statement. Although aimed at world opinion, it made clear that the Soviet Union—and not East Germany—is responsible for guaranteeing free access to Berlin both for allied personnel and for West German nationals.

It warned that proposed East German restrictions on

the movement of West German nationals and freight in and out of Berlin would be "inconsistent with the goal of a relaxation of tension in Europe."

THE ALLIES announced that they would "communicate" with the Soviet government which, they stressed, "shares with them" responsibility not only for unhindered access to Berlin but for an "ultimate solution of the German problem."

The East Germans announced Tuesday a new series of restrictions on travel to and from Berlin for West German citizens. Among other measures, West Germans who only had

to produce identity cards in recent years, would now have to carry passports with visas issued by the East Germans.

The threatened measures—which, diplomats stressed, are not yet in effect—have aroused strong protest from West German and allied authorities and have led to unusual transatlantic diplomatic activity.

In their statement, the allies made clear that the Soviet Union's responsibility for insuring free overland access to the former German capital, now surrounded by East German territory, stems from a series of international agreements dating from World War II.

AMONG them, diplomats pointed out, is the four-power agreement of 1949, which terminated the Berlin

airlift and which reiterated the Soviet Union's responsibility for East Germany.

The Berlin airlift successfully frustrated a Soviet blockade of Berlin beginning in mid-1948. Because the rights of the three Western allies—the United States, Britain and France—to enter and leave Berlin across what was then, Soviet-occupied territory had not been specified in the aftermath of the war, the Soviet Union decided to test the allies' resolve.

By May 4, 1949, when the "Air Bridge" had proved both the allies' resolve and their technical competence, the Soviet Union indicated its willingness to negotiate a settlement. Four months later, after the agreements

Continued on Page 8, Col. 3

### Post Office Imposes Curbs

## Gun Mailing Rules Tightened

From Wire Reports

WASHINGTON — The Post Office yesterday ordered that all guns shipped through the mails be marked "firearms" and said police officials would be notified of all persons receiving guns through the mail.

Postmaster General W. Marvin Watson told members of the National Press Club he had issued the di-

rective, effective immediately.

The order came as legislation requiring the registration and licensing of all firearms was introduced in the Senate.

WATSON SAID that if dealers refused to label the packages as "firearms," they cannot mail them.

These regulations will not apply to guns shipped by

railway express or other non-government carriers, but Watson has sent telegrams urging them to follow suit.

In another move to curb the traffic in guns and prevent their falling into the hands of criminals or other unfit persons, Sen. Joseph D. Tydings, D-Md., introduced a bill calling for the registration and licensing of all guns and placing restric-

tions on ammunition sales. The Tydings measure was cosponsored by nine other senators, including Stephen M. Young, D-Cleveland.

Watson's move, the legality of which was questioned immediately by the National Rifle Association, is designed to afford protection while Congress considers the various gun bills now before it and to be an

Continued on Page 8, Col. 5

### Fowl Play Suspected

## 6 Babies Gone, Ducks Quack Up

By JAMES B. FLANAGAN

With much squawking and not a little quacking, Basil and Rosemary Mallard yesterday ripped the lid off one of the East Side's most puzzling mysteries. It is the case of the six missing Mallard children.

Basil and Rosemary reported the disappearance of six of their children with such vehemence that the serenity of their neighborhood may be fractured beyond repair.

Their neighborhood is that section of Wade Park bounded by the Natural Science Museum on the west and the Western Reserve Herb Society Garden on the east, perhaps the most tranquil area in Cleveland—until yesterday.

NOW, THAT once-peaceful haven is split with dis-

cord. The people from the Herb Garden-Rose Garden end accuse the Natural Science Museum people of fowl play.

Basil and Rosemary Mallard are wild ducks who flew into the reflecting pond back of the Garden Center of Greater Cleveland last fall. They set up housekeeping in a nest under an herb garden cochea bush (also known as a summer cypress) this spring. Rosemary laid 11 eggs in the nest. Three were broken, two abandoned and six became the ducklings now missing.

Like their parents, the ducklings were named after herbs growing in their home: Angelica, Artimesia, Tansy, Tarragon, Borage and Woodruff.

Shortly after the christening, the ducklings disappeared.

Continued on Page 8, Col. 3

### A's Blast Hargan, 7-0

The Oakland Athletics shelled Cleveland starter Steve Hargan (4-6) for four runs and five hits in the first three innings en route to their second straight victory over the Indians, 7-0, before 6,838 last night at the Stadium.

(Details on Sports Pages.)

By DONALD L. BEAN  
and  
WILLIAM D. EVANS

A 31-year-old Brooklyn, N.Y., convict knocked a police guard unconscious and escaped with the guard's service revolver last night from the prison ward of Cleveland Metropolitan General Hospital.

Second District police said Hilliary Moore, 31, who was in the ward with a gunshot

wound in the head, the aftermath of a police shooting and high-speed chase Saturday night, slugged Patrolman James Cusick as he entered the fifth-floor prison ward.

POLICE said the fugitive grabbed Cusick from behind, pushed him into a small lavatory inside a cell and began beating him in the back of the head with a hospital utensil.

He then took Cusick's gun, stripped him of his trousers and locked the stunned policeman in the lavatory by pushing two beds against the door.

Police theorized Moore took an elevator to the first floor and crawled out a window where he was seen running away from the hospital.

CUSICK was locked in the cell for nearly a half hour

before he was taken to the emergency ward where he was being treated for a possible fractured jaw and head cuts. He was listed in good condition.

The only other prisoner in the ward, Willie Jones, 36, of 11516 Hopkins Avenue N.E., said he tried to persuade Moore to stop the beating but Moore forced him to stay in his bed.

Moore, who used the alias

Ronald Cooks, was being held on \$65,000 bond after being charged by police with possession of counterfeit money and possession of heroin.

HE WAS picked up Saturday night at E. 93d and Union Avenue S.E. with two women and another man after a high-speed chase after the group allegedly passed counterfeit bills at a gas station.

### Neanderthal Softie

The Neanderthal Man may have had a soft side despite his brutish appearance. Page 23.

### Editorials, Page 22

It makes no sense for the government to pay farmers not to grow food while millions go hungry . . . Another way to make your voice heard for gun control laws . . . Big business helps hard core jobless.

### Where to Find

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### Plain Dealer Phone Directory Page 4

### 57 Survive Jet Crash

NEW YORK (AP) — A Pan American Airways 707 jet carrying 63 persons crashed yesterday on landing at the Calcutta, India, airport, the airline announced here.

The airline said several hours after the crash that six of the 63 had not been

accounted for—five passengers and one crew member. Forty-eight passengers and nine crew members survived the crash, Pan Am said, and were taken to a hospital.

The flight originated in Los Angeles.

## Prisoner With Bullet in Head Flees

before he was taken to the emergency ward where he was being treated for a possible fractured jaw and head cuts. He was listed in good condition.

The only other prisoner in the ward, Willie Jones, 36, of 11516 Hopkins Avenue N.E., said he tried to persuade Moore to stop the beating but Moore forced him to stay in his bed.

Moore, who used the alias



# Story of the Gun That Killed a Dream

## ★ From First Page

12 miles from San Raphael in Marin County, just north of San Francisco.

The Westlakes, with their two sons, Robby, 11, and Johnny, 6, and neighbors, were water skiing at the mountain resort on Sunday, the day I wanted to see them about the gun.

Folks at the general store in dot-sized Woodacre refused to give me their address.

"THEY'VE BEEN bothered enough," said a pretty blonde, who was doing the store bookkeeping behind a meat slicer. But she relented. She let me see a cashed check. In the corner was the Westlake name and address.

I caught up with Mrs. Westlake Monday in a tiny office of The Reporter, Marin County's legal newspaper. Mrs. Westlake spends most of her time at the courthouse, picking up filings and legal actions which are



**SIRHAN BISHARA SIRHAN**, shown in the custody of a Los Angeles detective immediately after he allegedly shot Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, was the fifth person to own the .22-caliber revolver bought new during the Watts riots in 1965 by a retired engineer.

printed weekly. Her office is next to the courthouse and sheriff's office.

Mrs. Westlake, who speaks rapidly, made a decision shortly after 4:25 a.m. Wednesday morning, June 5. The decision, she said, was to tell the truth.

**AT THAT HOUR** the 42-year-old senator was dying of a head wound which came from the gun she once hid in her attic.

About 4:25 a.m. deputy sheriffs wakened her. She was alone with her sleeping sons. Her husband, associated with his brother in a San Francisco printing business, had not come home the night before.

"It's going to sound funny but I didn't know where my husband was," she said, explaining that once and sometimes twice a week he stays in San Francisco because of work or civic involvement. He is active in scouting and the Lions Club and she busies herself with the Woodacre Improvement Club.

Saturday she helped paint the pool while most of America was glued to television sets.

**THE DEPUTIES** asked the suddenly wide-awake woman about her gun. Yes, she had owned one, she said. But she had given it away.

Up to that point, she had not known Sen. Kennedy was shot. She lives in "McCarthy" country, this cluster of bedroom communities where people cross the Golden Gate bridge daily to San Francisco jobs.

She thought swiftly. She told the deputies about the Erhard family on Olive Way, back South in Altadena. "I gave the gun to Chick," she said.

**"CHICK"** IS George Charles Erhard, 18, a tall, lanky youth, nearly six feet tall, with dark hair. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Charles Erhard.

The Westlakes once lived across the street from the Erhards. Then they bought the house next to the Erhards. They remodeled both, and now the houses are rented. The Westlakes moved north about 18 months ago.

The tracking of the gun was an easy police operation because Hertz, in the first instance had registered the gun, a requirement of California law for newly purchased hand weapons.

(IN CALIFORNIA, you may buy a hand gun and pay for it but you will not possess it for five days, time for police checks on your background as either an alien or felon.)

It took only seconds for a computer at the California Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification in the capital, Sacramento, to pick out the registration from about 2.5-million guns.

Mrs. Westlake recalls saying that morning to reporters who found her at 7:30 a.m. that "I'd have been better off if I'd burned the damned thing."

**THE GUN, SHE SAID**, had never been fired, to her knowledge.

The cartridges which came with the gun had been broken apart, bullets removed from shells, powder poured out and all pieces and debris thrown away.

"I said I should have burned the gun," Mrs. Westlake said. "But how do you burn a gun? How do you get rid of a gun? Bury it? Then some kid would dig it up.

"I gave it to Chick. The nearest I can place the time is September, 1967."

**SHE RECALLED THAT** her mother, Mrs. Hertz, gave her the gun in the same box in which it was purchased from a gun store in the summer of 1966.

"She's like me. She didn't like guns. She didn't want it around. I put it in her attic."

She forgot about the gun, she said, because the

house remodeling was under way.

"My husband took the roof off and I found the box with the gun in it," she said. "I had two boys running around. I didn't want them to find the gun."

**CHICK, THE BOY** next door on Olive Way, has been described by classmates and neighbors as an all-American boy type. He doesn't go "too much" for girls, said one girl classmate at Pasadena High School. But he collects everything.

"We think a good deal of Chick," said one neighbor at the corner of Olive Way. "He has all kinds of hobbies. He took an old Ford car and built it up from the chassis. I knew he had a gun collection."

Neighbors thought the collection was antique weapons, a legacy from his grandfather.

While Marin County deputies were interviewing Mrs. Westlake, Los Angeles police were still questioning the Hertz couple.

"MOTHER TOLD me later," Mrs. Westlake said, "that the police kept them incommunicado from about 1:30 a.m. to 6 a.m. and warned them not to communicate with me or they'd be part of it. They didn't know Kennedy was shot until the morning newspaper arrived. "I made one telephone call after the deputies left. I called Helen Erhard and told her what I told them. I had to tell the truth. I felt concealment would arouse suspicion. There was enough confusion."

Mrs. Westlake said that Charles W. Bates, FBI agent in charge of the San Francisco office and formerly in charge in Cleveland, interviewed her at 9 a.m.

"I told him I had been cleared twice for jobs by the federal government, once when I worked with Flying Tigers because they handled government shipments," she said.

**MRS. WESTLAKE SAID** her husband knew nothing about the gun and its murderous association until 10 a.m. Wednesday.

What did he say?

"Among other things he said was 'Why did you give Chick a gun worth \$50,000?' Of course, he meant that's what it would be worth as a collector's item," she said. She described her 11-year-old son as "another Chick."

"CHICK WAS ALWAYS scavenging from rubbish and trash cans, looking for things he could use. He was always putting things together. Robby is like that. And brings home snakes, too. We have a snake, two cats and two dogs."

Mrs. Westlake said she felt that since she allowed TV and newspaper interviews, she is bearing the weight of the gun story.

"It could happen to anyone," she theorized and gets excited about gun laws.

Guns should be registered. No one, she said, except policemen should be allowed to own and carry pistols.

"MY SON WANTS a BB gun. What do I do? I don't want a gun in the house."

Back at 1978 Olive Way, today is graduation day for Chick Erhard, the third owner of the ominous gun.

He will graduate from Pasadena High School, although he has not been to classes since the day Kennedy died at Good Samaritan Hospital, 25 hours after the Jordanian youth allegedly shot him.

Chick's mother, petite and blonde, refuses to open the door to reporters. Her husband, once an engineer for Lockheed aircraft, had a heart attack five years ago.

"THEY'VE HAD THEIR troubles," Mrs. Westlake said. She and her family plan to attend Chick's graduation today.

Mrs. Westlake thought back to the 1965 Watts riots. She said her parents bought the gun because "he and mother drive around the city."

"It wasn't just Watts that felt the riots. Stores were firebombed in Pasadena, and other so-called good neighborhoods."

A former Pasadena news photographer told me at least 40 Pasadena stores were firebombed while Watts burned but much of the suburban splashover from Watts was underplayed by the news media.

**PEOPLE STOOD IN** lines, he said, at Pasadena gun stores to buy weapons.

There are two big gun stores in Pasadena today, one on Green, the other on Arroyo. I stopped at one two days after Sen. Kennedy died. Many customers were looking at and buying rifles. The store manager said it was a "slow day." He said a .22-caliber revolver like the one



**MRS. DANA WESTLAKE** of Woodacre in Marin County across the bay from San Francisco was the second owner of the small gun reportedly used to kill Sen. Robert F. Kennedy.

allegedly used by Sirhan is out of stock. The Vietnam war has cut into the domestic supplies.

Mrs. Westlake said, "I didn't need a gun. My husband can take care of us and I can swing a hefty blow. But my parents are old. They could be easily overpowered. Father has suffered a broken hip, too."

Back in Altadena where the Erhards have managed to remain aloof from interviews, there is a lot of talk.

**CHICK WORKED AS** a stock boy after school at the Nash department store in downtown Pasadena. One of his working companions was Munir "Joe" Sirhan.

After Mrs. Westlake had identified the Erhard boy at 4:30 a.m., June 5, the police wires hummed again.

At dawn Chick Erhard told police he had sold the gun to "a guy named Joe, with bushy hair."

Joe Sirhan, nearly 20, younger brother of Sirhan B. Sirhan, lives with him; their mother, Mary Sirhan, and another younger brother, Adel, in a small white-frame bungalow (called Early Pasadena) at 696 E. Howard Avenue, Pasadena. Another brother, Saidallah, 35, lives about two miles away, alone, in a garage apartment on North Lake Street. Another brother lives in New York. A sister recently died of cancer. The Sirhans, non-citizens, have lived here since 1957. The father lives in Jordan.



**GEORGE CHARLES (CHICK) ERHARD**, the 18-year old high school boy who became the third owner of the Kennedy assassination gun, lives with his parents and sisters here at 1978 Olive Way, Altadena.

Store clerks at Nash's recall vividly the morning after the Kennedy shooting.

**THREE CLERKS FILLED** me in on versions of how Joe Sirhan reacted when film of his brother flashed across the television screen in the employees' lounge room of the store. It was before 9 a.m. The store was not open yet for business.

One clerk thought Joe said: "My God, I know him!"

Another clerk thought Joe said: "I can identify him," and raced from the room.

A buyer said: "Joe knew who it was. He made the identification."

**JOE WENT TO HIS** boss, the buyer in basement hardware. He told him something terrible had happened, and he had to get home right away. The buyer, a man in his mid-30s, born and reared in Chicago's Irish neighborhood, lent Joe his car.

"I found out later he went home, talked with his brother . . . and apparently they decided it was Sirhan who shot Kennedy, and that they could identify him," the buyer said.

Events and men raced again.

It was less than 10 hours since Roosevelt Grier and Rafer Johnson, heroes in the sports world and Kennedy bodyguards, had torn the gun from Sirhan's hand and fractured his finger.

**POLICE SHOWED UP** at the Nash store.

"I told Joe Sirhan to tell the truth," the buyer said. "He was hiding something. The police asked about the gun. There was no fooling. They knew about it. But he lied to them. They laid it out to him cold turkey. And he still lied."

The buyer said the police took Joe away and found more persuasive language to coax from him the story of the gun.

The Pasadena police, on orders from the Superior Court in Los Angeles, wouldn't let me inspect Joe Sirhan's police record.

**BUT MAYOR Samuel W. Yorty**, prior to the court order which specifically ordered him to refrain from discussing the case, revealed that Joe Sirhan had been convicted of possessing marijuana, had served time and is on probation. He was also under a deportation order but Mayor Yorty thought the order was being appealed. That, he explained, was apparently why Joe Sirhan was still in this country.

The buyer knew Joe's police background.

"He worked for me before it happened, and he served time," the buyer said. "I was always taught that if a man made a mistake, paid for his crime, he deserved a second chance. That's how I felt about Joe. When he was released, I talked to him. Then I discussed him with the owner of the store, actually it's a chain. It was agreed to rehire him."

**THE BUYER SAID** Joe would do the "worst" jobs without complaint.

Further, he was neat, clean and polite.

"We never had any trouble with him bothering the women clerks," he said. "And when you are dealing with a lot of women you need employees who mind their own business and don't fool around. He never did."

But Joe had one big problem.

He hated Jews.

"HE WAS VERY anti-Jewish," the buyer said. "He would say things that were out of line about Jews. I finally had to remind him. I'm married to a Jew and his employer is a Jew. I told him he better be grateful for a few things. I tried to give him the message. I don't know if he listened."

The buyer said that from his information Joe "bugged" Chick Erhard about the gun. Erhard worked on the main floor.

Erhard was the kind of boy who wouldn't go around selling things.

"He was very possessive, but if he wanted a part for something, he might have sold a possession to buy the part," the buyer said.

**THE BUYER SAID** Joe was never without money. "I gave up smoking," the buyer said. "At Christmas Joe bought me a \$35 pipe set. I've seen him with up to \$2,000 in his hands. Winnings from horse races."

The buyer said it was embarrassing to him because

Joe Sirhan insisted on paying for the buyer's coffee or Coke when they traveled to other Nash stores.

Observers felt Joe's was the same strong streak of pride that Sirhan B. Sirhan showed to the world.

Sirhan, for instance, when arrested told the Los Angeles police he did not want to be treated as a "mendicant," the old word for beggar. It was the same fierce pride which Sirhan B. Sirhan's employer, John Weidner, described as the cause for Sirhan's quitting over a misunderstanding.

"HE SAID I accused him of lying," said Weidner, who runs a Pasadena health food store. "It was a misunderstanding about instructions on which of my three stores to go to."

The Nash store buyer believed from what he has heard that Joe Sirhan bought the gun from Chick Erhard about eight weeks ago, or the week of April 22.

(That week, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, his wife, Ethel, three children and a dog, were campaigning for the Democratic primary in Vincennes, Ind. Sen. Eugene F. McCarthy was in Cleveland one day that week.)

No one in authority will discuss with reporters what Joe Sirhan gave as a reason for buying the gun from Erhard.

**AND ERHARD'S** story is not publicly known either.

Mrs. Westlake has said the gun was never fired when it was owned by her family.

No one, other than police, now knows whether Chick Erhard fired the gun when he took his rejuvenated Ford fossil-hunting in the hills. (Stories are he has made an archeological find of fossils which has some college professors in the area green with envy.)

But a man testified at the Los Angeles County Grand Jury session about the gun. His name is Henry Carreon. He reportedly is in his 20s, and a nephew of a Los Angeles police official.

**DESPITE WRITTEN** instructions to newsmen from Presiding Judge of Superior Court Donald R. Wright forbidding interviews with members of the grand jury of witnesses, Carreon told reporters one thing. He said he saw Sirhan B. Sirhan firing a gun at a San Gabriel shooting range a week before Sen. Kennedy's fateful end.

Los Angeles detectives, who consider the Kennedy homicide "closed," rummaged through boxes of trash near the old red barn at the Sirhan home.

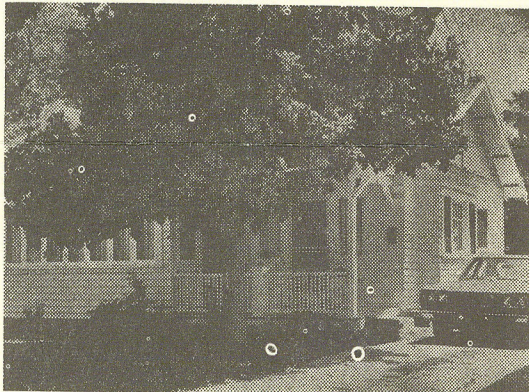
They found one or more spent .22 bullets.

None of the neighbors who talked with reporters heard gun practice in the tiny, unkempt fenced-in yard.

**NEIGHBORS SAID** Sirhan B. Sirhan played Chinese checkers.

The inevitable question of a conspiracy came up in the first hours after the wounding and death of the rich man who spoke to the poor.

With the official news blackout the best motive reporters can put together is the anti-Jewishness of the Sirhan brothers, plus agitation by the Arab and Jordanian students at Pasadena City College and the University



**THIS IS the bungalow where the Sirhan family lives at 696 E. Howard Avenue, Pasadena. One or more spent cartridge casings were found in a trash box in the backyard.**

of California at Los Angeles. Sirhan B. Sirhan had attended the college.

Then there were the notebooks found in Sirhan's room.

**TALKATIVE MAYOR Yorty** reported to newsmen June 6, while Kennedy lay unconscious, his dreams punctured by a bullet, that three weeks earlier Sirhan wrote himself a memo.

It read: "Kennedy must be assassinated before June 5th, 1968."

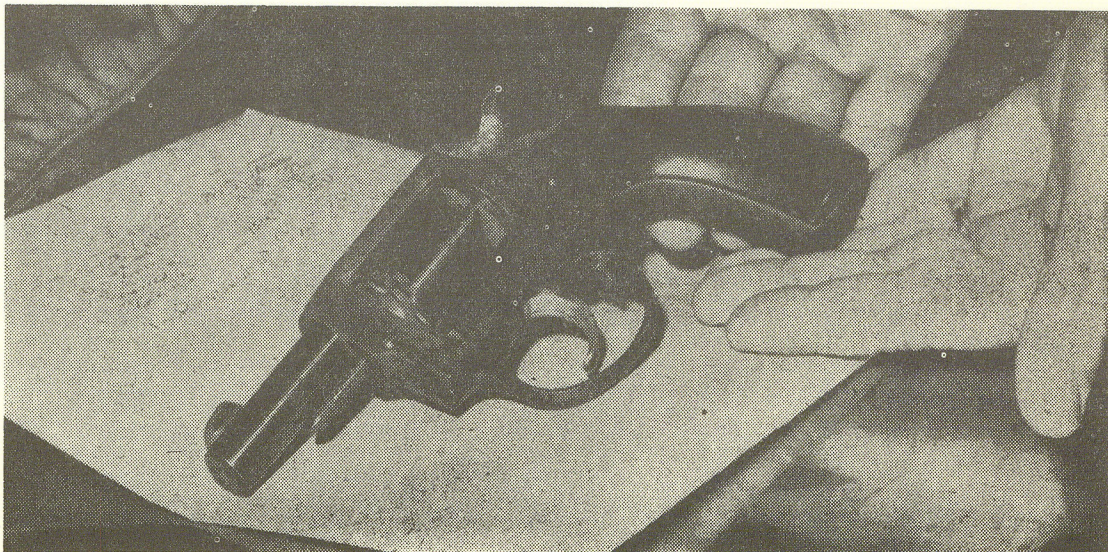
That date was the first anniversary of the blitzkrieg six-day Israeli war last year. Israeli subdued in humiliating fashion three Arab nations—Jordan, Syria and Egypt.

Yorty told reporters Sirhan wrote "18 to 20 pages of anti-Israel, pro-Arab, and pro-Communist ramblings in pen and pencil."

**WHERE AND WHEN** the immigrant, unemployed Jordanian youth took the gun from Joe Sirhan is not known to the public. One police source said: "Joe gave Sirhan the gun the night before Kennedy came to L.A."

There is a legal footnote to the history of the assassination gun. Under California law it is illegal for an alien, or a person convicted of a felony, to possess a concealable gun.

A Pasadena police lieutenant was asked about this and Joe Sirhan, an alien and a felon, and about Sirhan B. Sirhan, an alien and a alleged murderer. "You'd have to prove it," he said.





LOS ANGELES TIMES JUNE 1, 1969

# west



philip hays

A Year Later: Budd Schulberg on RFK, Crime & Punishment



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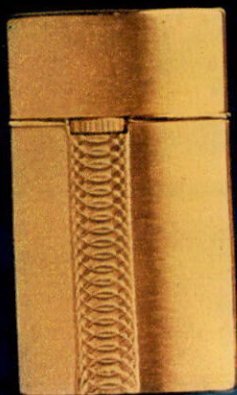
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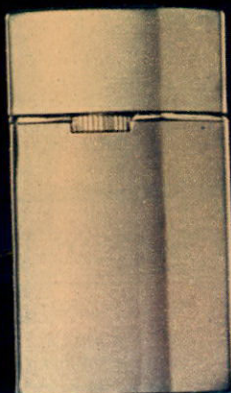
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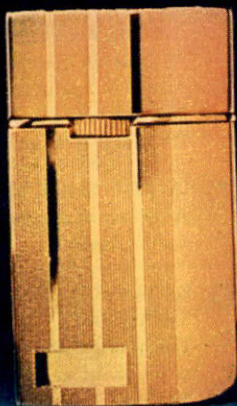
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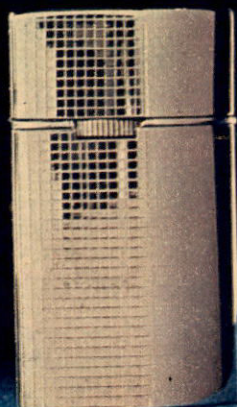
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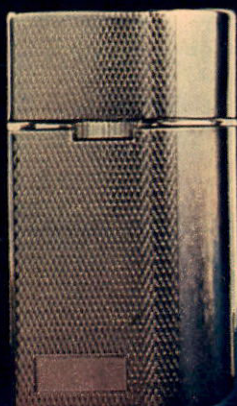
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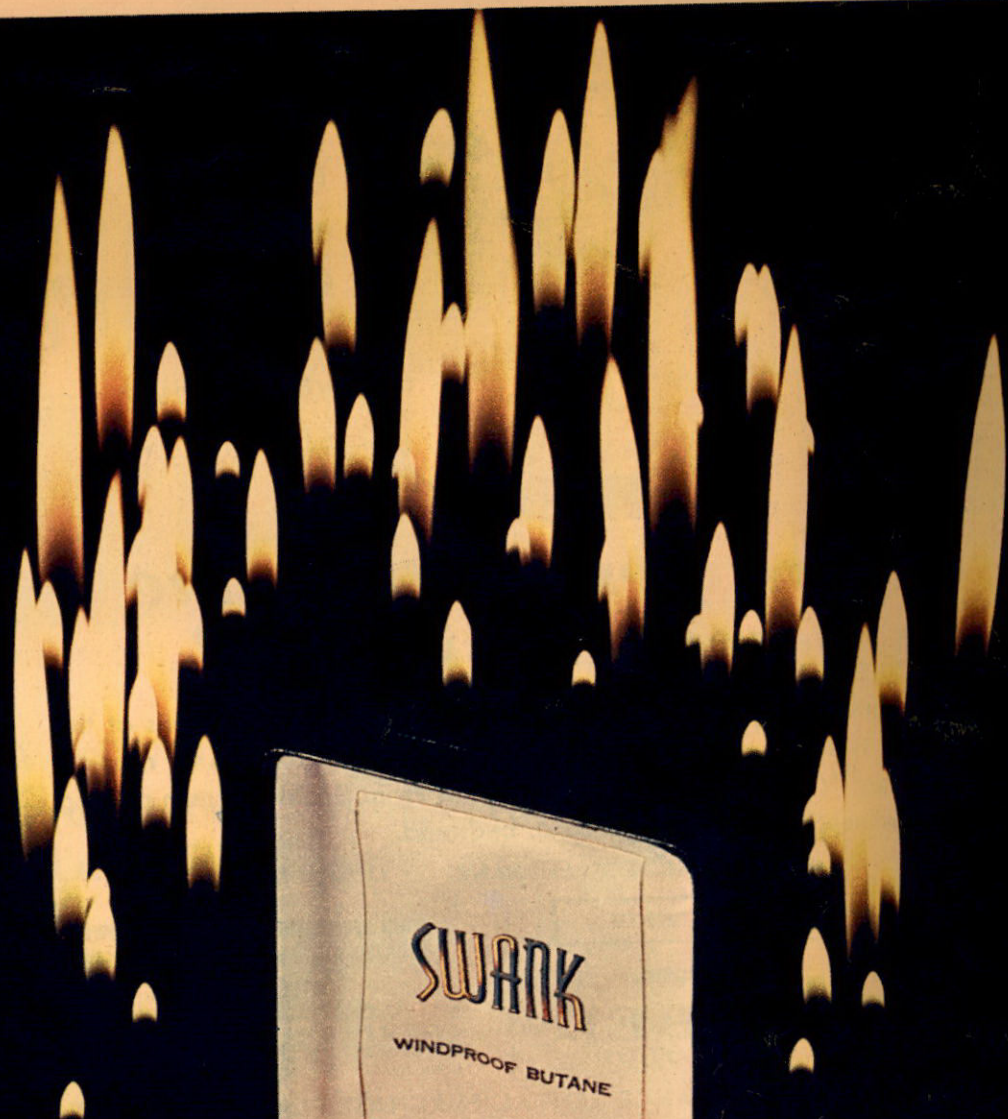
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# West

where the action is . . .

**6** WEST/VIEW by Burt Prelutsky  
Gauging one's love-life by the stars can be chancy business, unless you happen to write a book about it.

**10** REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT KENNEDY by Budd Schulberg  
Those dramatic and tragic hours just about a year ago in the Ambassador Hotel are recreated by someone who lived through them and witnessed the horror of Senator Kennedy's murder first-hand. Schulberg, prize-winning author (*What Makes Sammy Run?*, *The Disenchanted*) and screenwriter (*On the Waterfront*), last wrote in *West* about the Oscar race.

**16** IF THE SHOE FITS by Jack Russell  
A gallery of the newest in footwear, made for walking and for looks.

**20** KATHARINE ROSS AND THE POST-'GRADUATE' BLUES by Charles Champlin  
The young heroine of *The Graduate* has not enjoyed as much, or as favorable, press as her co-star, Dustin Hoffman. She's not exactly charmed by the fact. Champlin is *The Times'* entertainment editor.

**23** WEST/TRAVEL: CANADA'S HIGHWAY TO THE ARCTIC by Oren Bates  
Arching northward (yes, *northward*) from Edmonton, Canada, is one of the world's last pioneer roads, the Mackenzie/Inghram Trail that one day will reach the Arctic Ocean. Bates is a national outdoors writer whose last foray in *West* dealt with fishing in the Arctic.

**28** THE GENERAL'S TROPHIES by Dewey Linze  
Jimmy Doolittle's most famous hunt was off a carrier deck in mid-Pacific in 1942. His most memorable was off a pond in Alaska in 1906. Linze, a former reporter, now writes outdoors articles for several national publications. His last piece for *West* was on the great camper revolution.

**32** WEST/LETTERS by the Readers.

**34** MY LIFE AS A STUDENT REBEL by Joel Siegel  
You think campus revolution is new stuff? The author was stirring up trouble at Hamilton High back as early as 1960, which gives him some authority on the nature of today's rebellion. Siegel last appeared in *West* with his article on Mad Man Muntz.



on the cover of WEST

Can it be only a year since Sirhan fired his .22 and sent a troubled nation into new mourning? It can and is, and nothing will recreate those desperate days more graphically than Budd Schulberg's article starting on Page 10 and the painting of the fallen senator by Philip Hays on this week's cover.

JAMES W. TOLAND, Director of Special Sections  
MARSHALL LUMSDEN, Editor, West Magazine  
MIKE SALISBURY, Art Director  
ARNE D. ANDERSON, Associate Editor

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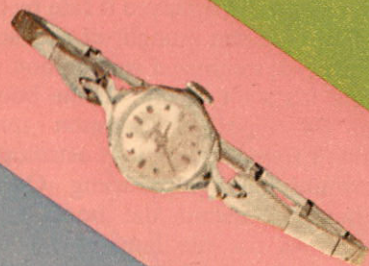


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## westview BY BURT PRELUTSKY

### New, Free, Sex

*In which Wanita Holmes, a Leo, meets our correspondent, a Capricorn, with results of astrological proportions.*

In the lexicon of advertising and promotion, the two most seductive words are *new* and *free*. But they're only words. The truly indispensable factor in moving goods is sex. It sells toothpaste, detergents, cars, movies and political candidates.

Use it in a title or as a theme and you've got best-sellers like *Sex and the Single Girl*, *Valley of the Dolls* and *Peyton Place*.

If people could think about anything else for five seconds at a time, drive-in movies, Ford's Mustang and Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* empire would all vanish overnight. So would most of our hang-ups, leaving psychiatrists and divorce attorneys free to devote full time to their hobbies.

Recently I received a little book in the mail. It was titled *Astrological Sexoscopes*, and it was written by Wanita Holmes. On the cover was a naked lady who appeared to be tattooed with astrological signs. Ever eager to keep up on the ancient art of tattooing, I lost no time opening the book. But the cover art had only been a come-on, after all.

As long as the book was open, though, I decided to check my sign. The cartoon illustration showed a little guy, wearing glasses, sitting in bed. He was engrossed in a book, and totally oblivious to his amorous bedmate. "Not even close," I groused to myself. "I don't wear glasses."

According to the analysis, the Capricorn male is "abstruse, reclusive and cerebral." What's more, it goes on, "You have read everything from the Bhagavad-Gita to Zen Buddhism, but have you gained any enlightenment? Any courage? Are you a better lover and more complete man? The answer is obvious: Hell no!"

From there on, not only did the copy get gamier, but the analysis became even more depressing.

I was ready to throw the silly thing out, but decided, just for the heck of it, to see how my friends had fared. I was delighted to discover they were even worse off than I. Aries: "Is compulsive sexuality your way for gaining revenge for the insecure hold you have on your own masculinity?" Virgo: "Captious, antiseptic, parsimonious... From the beginning you have been the victim of a cruel piece of casting: You were chosen to play yourself." Pisces: "Surely there is more to life than innocuously occupying space."

The ladies, naturally enough, were in equally dismal straits. Aries: "Have you ever wondered why all the bruisers converge upon you?" Libra: "Avaricious,

indolent, narcissitic." Taurus: "How much more must you endure before you too will know that eventually all you will have to show for your frenzy will be wrinkles?"

No one, in fact, came off terribly well. When, a few days later, Mrs. Holmes phoned, I agreed to meet her. I was, I must confess, extremely curious about her sign. "Available, compliant, contrite" Aquarian? "Petulant, hypochondriacal, sociopathic" Pisces? "Irascible, avaricious, predatory" Capricorn? Or maybe even an "unconventional, vivacious, exhibitionist" Sagittarius?

At our interview, I played it safe by first asking her what she thought of astrology. "It's a highly systemitized superstition. It's a toy and it's a lot of fun. In the book I handled 24 types of common sexual problems; I found setting it in astrological terms would make it amusing. On the other hand, I meant the book to be profound. As for the language, I used some Anglo-Saxons in order to shock people, and get their undivided attention."

About the present sexual revolution, Mrs. Holmes feels, "It's the age of the orgasm. For the longest time, sex wasn't supposed to be enjoyed by women—but only endured. Thanks to the Pill, women can now enjoy it, but they still have the obligation to make the male feel like a real fur-bearing animal."

She is down on marriage. "There is something dreadfully wrong when one out of two marriages winds up in divorce." And, as for alimony: "I don't believe in it. It too often makes a woman a parasite. Just because two people have been married doesn't entitle one of them to leech off the other."

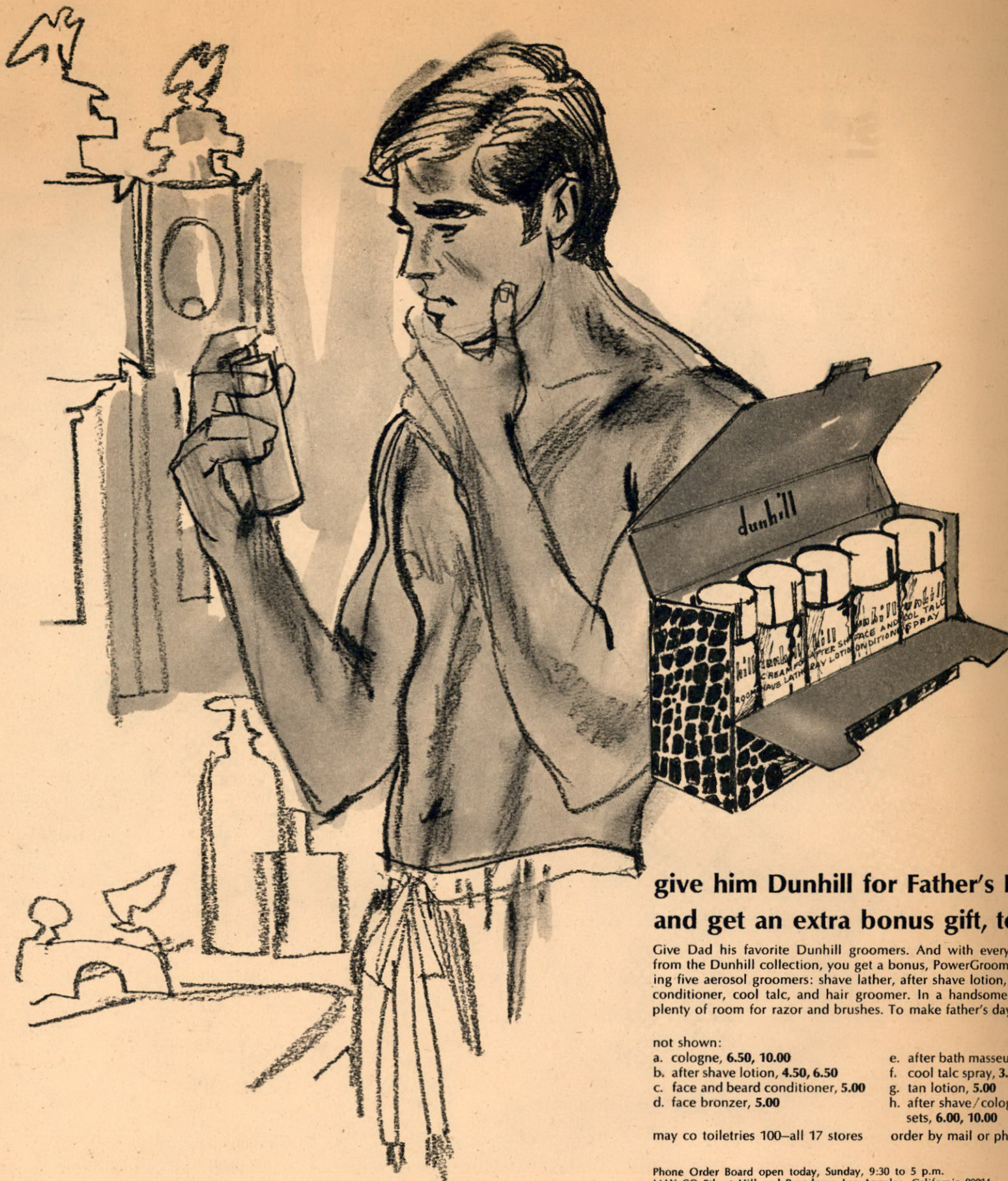
Mrs. Holmes, who's traveled extensively, believes that we, in L.A., are a special breed. "The people out here go through life hung up on sexual fantasies. They never get down to the realities. Never. The women are promiscuous; they need someone all the time—just to know they exist. And the men have been, let us say, overfed; for them there's no intrigue and no challenge."

Mrs. Holmes, whose first book was *Dirty Words to Live By*, is a divorcee with two daughters, 19 and 20. I also learned in the course of the interview that she hardly drinks and doesn't smoke. But it wasn't until lunch was nearly over that she finally confessed to being a Leo.

I raced home, opened the book to page 21, and discovered that the Leo female, according to Wanita Holmes, is "dramatic, fiery, and volatile... extraordinary passionate nature... a slave to sex... the story of your entire body will be that of going from slave camp to slave camp to slave camp."

I raced back to the restaurant, but I was too late. She was gone. Like a true Leo, she had no doubt run along to a new slave camp, while I, a true Capricorn, had had my nose stuck in a book.





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# Reflections on the Death of Robert Kennedy

(First of two articles.)

By BUDD SCHULBERG

When Bob Kennedy decided to make the run for the White House, my wife and I were in Italy working on a novel by the shore of Lake Como with snow-capped Alps standing sentinel around us. We felt safe, secluded, productive. The London *Times* and the Paris *Herald-Tribune* and the Rome *Messaggero* brought the news to our reading room every day, so we knew about the crisis in gold, the British refusal to admit Indians to their island and we were increasingly aware of the political quicksand L.B.J. had stumbled into in Vietnam.

But, on a two-month sabbatical from the pressure of civic problems that had demanded great hunks of time for a number of years, it was a relief to be able to read about world issues without feeling a moral obligation to do something about them. If I may be excused our conceit, we thought that after years of involvement we had earned a rest, what is described as a "working vacation"—getting up in the morning with a kiss for your wife, taking a walk and then ah, *work*.

That was our selfish state of mind when a cable from Bob Kennedy found us on the shore of that picture-postcard-blue Italian lake and called us back to reality. American reality. The cable said he "found himself in a struggle," and expressed the hope that we would be back in the States in time to enlist in his campaign. He expressed his appreciation for any help we might be able to render in getting his message across to "your people." Geraldine and I smiled at that one for Bob meant not Hollywood people or literary people or Jewish people but black people, the friends we had made in Watts and other neglected communities in the course of establishing the Writers Workshop in the wake of the holocaust four years ago. Bob was well-acquainted with the Workshop, having seen it and expressed deep interest in it. (His knowledge of ghetto problems and projects seemed encyclopedic.)

**We were enjoying  
the food and the  
people when the sky  
fell down.  
Another Dallas!**

**T**hat evening we answered that we would be coming back shortly, ready to enlist in his army of volunteers. We also fired off this opening salvo to the director of the Watts Writers Workshop:

You know, at the end of my dialogue with Jimmy Baldwin I said I thought the whites had almost had it, that unless they could rip the racism out of their culture, out of their hearts, our country was on the road to violent division. However I feel we have a last chance with Bobby Kennedy. I know that he honestly wants to get out of this damnable war that is bleeding us to death. I believe him when he says he wants to take those billions we are pouring down the Saigon drain and put them to work in our ghettos, rebuilding them . . . if we can get Bobby in we have a last chance of doing something on a federal scale about the galling neglect we see in Watts. Yes, Bob seems to understand what we need for our cities, not just those billions but ideas, imagination and love. What Bob saw when he came to our Workshop to meet the writers could be enlarged a thousand-fold in every single community. If we blunder on, if we cut back the services we should be expanding, if we just remain "liberal," then you are right, then comes Armageddon . . . So, a long-winded nomination speech for Bobby Kennedy, our last best hope of making it, together.

Lyndon's stunning abdication speech made us even more eager to work. But Italy is seductive and we lingered, some days in Venice and more in Rome. We were enjoying

the restaurants and the people when the sky fell down. Another Dallas! This time in Memphis. This time not the President nor Medgar Evers but our Nobel Prize Winner for Peace, Martin Luther King. Not again! Not another public murder!

How long, oh bigots and sons of bigots, can we bear your slings and arrows, telescopic rifles and shot-guns? In that moment the sidewalk cafes of the Via Veneto lost their music. It was time to come home. More than ever we believed what we had written our friends in Watts. Now angry young braves would be tearing our cities apart. It would be black against white, father against son . . . "a time of shame and sorrow . . . this mindless menace of violence in America which again stains our land and every one of our lives," said Bob Kennedy on the day after that calamity.

**T** . . . any good black man or any friend of the black man is going to be cut down . . .

Two months later, Sunday the second of June found us on Central Avenue, the main street of black and deprived South Los Angeles, speaking at a Kennedy rally with Charles Evers, who had picked up the standard fallen from the hands of his martyred brother in Mississippi. While Evers was on the platform explaining his reasons for supporting Kennedy, saying he believed the Senator had a rare and possibly unique capacity to break the chains of racism that were holding his people back, a black militant leader came into the hall with his troops. We were afraid that he might try to break up the meeting. He had a stack of leaflets attacking Kennedy along with Humphrey, McCarthy, Nixon—blue-eyed devils all.

Our Kennedy-Evers team had strong black support and with a critical primary less than 48 hours away, it seemed as if more violence

might erupt. I went over to the militant leader, whom I knew fairly well, and asked him please not to disrupt the meeting. I said Charles Evers risked death from fulltime racists every day of his life and had come a long way to plead Bobby's cause. "Even if you don't agree, he deserves a respectful audience." The local black leader nodded. He could be difficult, but sometimes not unreasonable. "OK," he agreed, "I personally think it's all a waste of time because any good black man or any real friend of the black man is going to be cut down sooner or later—like Jack Kennedy and Medgar Evers and Brother Malcolm. But I can dig it. You go ahead with your meeting. We'll pass out the literature in the parking lot."

The rally ended tensely but peacefully. Charles Evers said that President Kennedy and his brother and Martin Luther King, along with too many others murdered in the South in recent years, all shared a belief in the dignity of man and the eventual triumph of genuine democracy. And he prayed that Bob Kennedy, who stood up for Medgar and for Martin and for all the oppressed, would be able to bring this about through the democratic process.

In the audience for that rally was our employee of many years, Mrs. Louise Carter. While we were scheduled to speak at several other gatherings that evening, Louise went on to the Ambassador Hotel to attend a large reception for Kennedy. Next morning she said she had seen Bob Kennedy, in fact had shaken hands with him twice, in the famous Cocoanut Grove. But she said she also had encountered a slight, dark-complexioned young man who worried her because he had been wandering around the stage and looking behind the curtains. Louise had once worked at the Ambassador and she knew where extra chairs were stacked, in a passageway behind the stage, to the rear of the ballroom. The young man accompanied her. He seemed to know his way to the side corridor



and cautioned her, "Be careful, you could hurt yourself. It's pretty dark in there." He was very polite and offered to bring an extra chair back for Louise's friend Caroline. The passageway where they found the chairs has an entrance into the main lobby and also connects with the Embassy Room and the pantry where Kennedy was to meet his death two nights later.

The young man's knowledge of the area and the way he was dressed prompted her to ask him if he was an employee of the hotel rather than a guest. He said no he was just a spectator who had come like all the rest of the crowd to see Kennedy. And he added, "Shouldn't he be here by now? Isn't he late? I wonder why he hasn't shown up yet." With him, according to Louise and her friend, was another young man, also slender and swarthy, carrying a violin case. And he also asked if they knew why Kennedy was late and if anything could be keeping him from the hotel. Both young men kept wandering up on the stage and looking behind curtains. Louise Carter described her misgivings to me on the morning of June 3. "Later when I saw all those crowds around the Senator and trying to touch him, he seemed so unprotected—and with so many angry people walking the streets these days, it just doesn't look safe to me."

**Everybody was very up, smelling victory but more than victory, tasting hope**

**O**n Primary Election Day we passed the time trying to relax and rest for the evening ahead. It reminded us of the way boxers spend their days awaiting important contests. We turned on the radio, the television news, called some friends who were on the fence, and called Kennedy workers to try and find out how it was going. Around 6 p.m. Pete Hamill the writer came by with his younger brother and the four of us drove to the Ambassador. The Embassy Ballroom had an air of tentative gaiety. Not too many had arrived yet but those who came early were optimistic.

In a small roped-off section press officers Pierre Salinger and Frank Mankiewicz were working their desks, taking phone calls and jotting down meaningful hieroglyphics. Both thought it looked good for Bob, mentioning percentages that turned out to be slightly optimistic. "South Dakota is in and bigger than expected," Frank told us. His father, the gifted writer of *Citizen Kane*, had worked for my old man and I remembered Frank as a child-editor putting out a surprisingly professional mimeographed newspaper with his brother Don.

Now the Embassy Ballroom was coming to life. Pretty girls in mini-skirts and Kennedy skimmers. Earnest young men from the New Left. Middle-aged doctors and lawyers and their socially minded wives. The liberals. A lot of black people. A smattering of Democratic pros. Everybody very friendly, very up, smelling victory but more than victory, tasting hope. We talked with Pete Hamill about it as we waited for the night to begin.

Pete was a *Ramparts* man, a *Village Voice*er, a crony of Norman Mailer's, a brother-in-law and chum of ex-heavyweight champ Jose Torres. Pete was an Irishman and sometimes fought like one and often wrote like one. He was bitter about the war and the state of the union and the compost heaps that we like to call "inner cities" but this night he was happy and hopeful. It may sound corny, but we raised paper cups to a better world.

We were joined by Warren Rogers of *Look* magazine, who had been on the campaign trail with Bob and who shared our feeling that R.F.K. was the most misunderstood man in American life. We had never found him ruthless, cold and calculating; on the contrary we knew him to be warm, humorous and intensely human. "I know he attracts some of these people around him because of who he is," Warren had said. "But the truth is, he's fun to be with. I feel—good—around him." That was the way his friends felt about him. And he had as many of those as he had enemies.

The ballroom was filling up now and returns were beginning to come in so we decided to go upstairs to the Kennedy suite. There we found a kind of impromptu party in progress, one of those *Only in America* things, or maybe only in a Kennedy America: Astronaut John Glenn, Olympic champion Rafer Johnson, the Milton Berles, film director John Frankheimer, Charles Evers and John Lewis, one of the original leaders of SNCC, Mexican organizers of the *huelga* against the vintners. Sharing a couch with Glenn were a Catholic priest, a Democratic office holder, a local black leader and a Hollywood glamour girl, and Ethel Kennedy.

We watched Ethel watching the telly as her husband slowly began to pull ahead of his rival. "And I'll bet our Chicano vote isn't counted yet!" said a Mexican-American covered with Kennedy and *Huelga* buttons. "My people, they vote a hundred percent." This turned out to be the most accurate prediction in a night no one could have predicted except a nondescript young man who was downstairs in the area of the campaign reception rooms, having himself a drink or two before going back to his car to get a lethal little gun with which he had been practicing for days.

**We learned to our sorrow that a magnet for love is also a magnet for hate**

**F**ive floors above that mysterious youth unnoticed in the crowd, our candidate wandered quietly between his bedroom and the suite across the corridor where colleagues and wellwishers were gathered. "How we doing?" Standing in the doorway with a wan smile, his face reflected the tough campaign—from New England to Southern California, that country of angels and screwballs.

For Bob Kennedy it had been a campaign physically far more demanding than for the others, because their followers had no compulsion to touch their man, kiss him, hug him, share him. We had seen it in Watts when he came to speak outside our Douglass House Writers' building. He was mobbed and all but swallowed up in that exuberant crowd. His black believers literally hurt him with their love. And this was repeated in white communities, in suburbs and in shanty-towns. No one else in America was generating that kind of magnetism. We learned to our sorrow that a magnet for love is also a magnet for hate.

Shortly after eleven o'clock CBS-TV announced that Bob had won a close but clear-cut decision. Escaping for a few minutes from the mounting festivities, we were standing on a balcony with NBC commentator Sandy Vanocur, chiding him lightly for his network's refusal "to concede." We talked about Bob and what we thought he could do to bind up the wounds that were bleeding the country. Warren Rogers joined us to say that Bob had asked him to find me—he wanted to talk to me alone for a couple of minutes. My wife asked if she might come along; it was a moment she would like to remember.

In a modest room, with twin beds, Bob was sitting on the floor in a corner, with his knees drawn up, a favorite position that reminded us of visits both to his home and his office. He was smoking a small, slender cigar, the first time we had ever seen him do so. He seemed markedly less jubilant than the rest of us. More tired, undoubtedly. And with so much more to do. Geraldine and I offered our congratulations. He said he was going down to the ballroom in a little while and asked what I would say if I were in his place. I realized he had talked to Sorenson and Schlesinger and others better qualified than I, but I plunged in anyway: "Well if the margin is four or five points, you know who they are, the—"

He stopped me with a slow grin. "I know, you're going to give me the

thing about the black vote and the Chicano . . ."

"The Chicano is like 99 point 9 and I hear South Los Angeles is 85 percent."

"A lot of black friends will be on the platform with me. I think Walter [Sheridan, a long-time aide all the way back to Senate Racket Committee days] is asking Cesar Chavez. They did a terrific job. Terrific."

We talked for a few minutes about our Workshop in Watts. Bob had come twice, had met the writers, had read their anthology and now he said again that he thought we had touched a nerve—not just mechanical skill centers and on-the-job training but cultural projects for people in ghettos all over the country who had been bottled up too long and were proving how much they had to say and how well they could say it. Bob said he was interested in a suggestion we had made to a Senate sub-committee on which he served—of an Arts Corps, a kind of updated Federal Theater and Federal Writers' Project fitted to the needs of Watts, Hough, Bedford-Stuyvesant. (Maybe this sounds like crazy liberal talk a few minutes before going down to thank the voters of California for sending him to Chicago to unseat Hubert Humphrey but I feel an obligation to put it all down as I remember it, just as we would dearly love to know what Lincoln had been saying in his box at the Ford Theater.)

Assembly Speaker Jess Unruh, Big Daddy of California Democrats, came over to suggest that it was time to go down. Ever-practical Jess was probably thinking that it was nearing midnight and that Bob should be seen on TV in his winning posture by as many people as possible across the country. Bob rose to his feet slowly. There was no elation in him, certainly none of the cockiness attributed to him by detractors. He seemed thoughtful, concerned, perhaps a trifle subdued. He said he'd like to pursue the Arts Corps idea. He said, "Stick around, let's talk later." I asked him where. He said after the talk in the main room he would come to a smaller room, the Colonial Room, off the pantry. He said he wasn't going to hold any formal press conference but would like to see some of his particular press friends there. Later, work done for the night, a private party would move on to celebrate at The Factory. Then Bob asked me if I would like to accompany him and Jess Unruh to the platform. I said I didn't want to look as if I were taking bows with the winner and pushing myself into the picture. Geraldine and I would wait in the Colonial Room and see him later with Warren Rogers and other mutual friends. "The brothers and Chicanos," I said. He nodded and smiled. Then Warren joined us and we followed Bob into the corridor

continued



where he was immediately swallowed up in a crowd of well-wishers and television cameras, waiting to accompany the victor on his way down to the Ballroom.

**Bob was lying on his back looking very sad, as if he knew, he already knew**

In the Colonial Room about 20 of us were waiting for the Senator. We watched the preliminaries on television as he was getting ready to come to the microphone. It was a festive moment and Warren thought we should all have drinks in our hands to toast the occasion. He was gone a few minutes and when he returned with the highballs he said that Bob would short-cut through the serving pantry that divided our smaller room from the Ballroom. For some reason this fact went unreported in national magazines, nor was it revealed in the Sirhan trial which we attended in morbid fascination and, at times, dismay. To this layman mind it seems as if it may have had some bearing on the crucial subject of premeditation. Did Sirhan simply stumble blindly into the serving pantry in search of coffee to cure his "intoxication"? Or, aware that the Senator had taken a similar route through the pantry when both tracker and tracked had been in the hotel two nights before, had the assassin sequestered himself in that pantry to gun down his unsuspecting target, as he had promised in his notebooks: "Kennedy must fall . . . Kennedy must not live beyond the fifth of June."

We all watched Bob's neat, brief, "Thank you . . . and on to Chicago" speech and then, anticipating arrival through that back passageway, moved closer to the pantry doors. "We" included Pete Hamill and Booker Griffin, a local black journalist I had known from the early years in Watts. A few yards behind us were Warren Rogers and Geraldine. We heard a couple of those "firecracker pops" and the sound of screaming. We all ran into the pantry. A scene out of—what? Television? This was a different kind of violence. Shakespeare? There was no poetry, no soaring rhetoric to mitigate the blood. And the blood was not red paint later to be washed off in the dressing room. "This mindless menace of violence which again stains our land," Kennedy had described it when it struck down Dr. King. Amidst the screaming and the pushing and the Oh-my-Gods!, Bob had taken a few steps forward and then had fallen back on the cold stone floor. Pete Hamill was directly in front of me and partly blocking my view so his description is clearer than mine, although my impression confirms what he saw: "The sonofa-

bitch was standing there with one foot forward and his arm extended just like he was on a target range." This is what veteran reporter Hamill said as soon as we were able to regain any coherence. The narrow pantry became a screaming bedlam of pain, terror, rage: "Look out! Sonofabitch! He's got a gun! He's shooting!" Shots went pop-pop-pop and now that we knew they were not firecrackers or popping balloons; they sounded louder.

People were responding in conflicting ways—some moving back to escape the explosive possibilities, others moving in on the gunman, an obscene human traffic jam. The Gun was an undersized man dressed in slacks and sports shirt; looks Mexican was our first impression but we remember thinking in the midst of mayhem, must be some crazy Mexican to shoot Bobby. Bobby would die for Chavez and his grape-pickers. Christ, maybe he is dying for Chavez.

Bob was lying on his back looking very sad, as if he knew, he already knew. One eye was opened, which seemed strange and foreboding, and his lips were moving but Pete, Booker and I were not close enough to hear. I was vaguely aware of Geraldine and Warren Rogers near my right shoulder. Jimmy Breslin, the New York columnist, seemed a foot higher than everybody else, against the left wall. Was he standing on a box? The small assassin was charging forward in our direction, a quarterback sneak with a pistol instead of a ball and people were grabbing for him, "Get 'im! Get 'im! Stop the sonofabitch!" With others around me I made a lunge for him. He was being pulled, tugged, cuffed. Everybody screaming. Cursing. A short, brown employee ran to us hysterically, talking rapidly in a Latin accent: "I can't believe it, thirty seconds ago I was shaking hands with him, leaning over that counter and shaking hands, thirty seconds ago, and that little bastard, he's been hanging around in here for almost an hour, asking if we thought the Senator was coming through." He rattled on, repeating himself as all of us were doing. A lunatic Babel of a tape recording is there to prove it.

But here is the difference between the actual event and the tamed and ordered replaying of it at the trial half a year later. The same Mexican busboy who ran over to me in that first minute is on the stand, composed and naturally in awe of the proceedings. Yes, he says, he had seen the defendant in the pantry for some time before the shooting. Yes, the defendant had asked several times if Kennedy would be coming through. You see, this is one reason the Sirhan trial was profoundly flawed. The busboy is telling the truth but it no longer has the impact and the passion of the truth

he had blurted out to us while Bob Kennedy was still lying there beginning to die from those long-range-hollow-nosed bullets, the most lethal type of ammunition that can be used in that .22. Still, it was interesting that this witness did not say to us in that first, impressionable outburst, "I wondered who that little drunk was, in here drinking coffee and trying to sober up." Yet that was to be the story we would hear from Sirhan: so drunk was he from two or three Tom Collinses purchased at one of the other candidates' reception rooms that he was in an alcoholic stupor, unaware of where he was or even that he had squeezed the trigger when he emptied his revolver, firing into Bob Kennedy at point-blank range.

To buttress the "alcoholic wild beast" theory a psychologist was to testify later that he had served the defendant, in his cell, six ounces of gin in four Tom Collinses over a period of sixteen minutes and that Sirhan "went berserk." Such are the wonders of modern law. Said one reporter at the trial, "As a psychiatrist he makes a helluva bartender! One-and-a-half ounces per drink is like the good old days. Those highballs we were drinking at the Ambassador, we were lucky to be getting three quarters of an ounce." So if Sirhan was buying those Ambassador Collinses, three ounces, not six, is the more likely intake, and those were spaced over a much longer period than sixteen minutes as the young killer wandered from room to room, talking with many people and offering to buy them drinks before going back for his gun and stationing himself in the pantry.

**Unruh urged us to resist the temptation to strangle or stomp the assassin**

The surest hands that grabbed the assailant belonged to Rosey Grier, Rafer Johnson, George Plimpton. As for the police, sometimes too much in evidence, now they were something less than Johnnies-on-the-spot. It seemed a nerve-racking eternity that Rosey, Rafer, George and others held their slight, wiry prisoner on the metal serving table while Bob lay on the floor holding beads a young Irishman had offered him—not a priest as reported next day. There was a priest and finally a doctor, but they came later, after Steve Smith and young Justice Department lawyer David Steiner made repeated appeals from the platform in the now hysterical atmosphere of the ballroom.

To his credit, Unruh urged us to resist the temptation to strangle or stomp the assassin. "We don't want another Dallas." And the black superstars also displayed supreme

cool in pinning the gunman without seriously injuring him. So a group of reporters, this one included, had an opportunity to observe Sirhan for nearly half an hour. Like the busboys who had seen him lurking there before the attack, we did not think he was drunk. Neither did he seem to be in a trance. At the trial George Plimpton was to testify that the defendant looked "purged." George is a friend of ours but we must say he was indulging in a literary conceit, in flossy subjectivism, to use "purged," a word that defense counsel Grant Cooper happily embraced in building his elaborate case that his client was in a trance, having "programmed" himself through metaphysical Rosicrucian exercises to execute the crime while mysteriously unaware that he was doing so. To the rest of us, Sirhan looked simply pinned-down, his eyes darting, frightened, intense but hardly "purged." He reminded me of a rat I once encountered on the steps of my cellar. The rat stared at me and I stared at the rat, each of us afraid to move, both of us feeling equally trapped and threatened. A confrontation frieze.

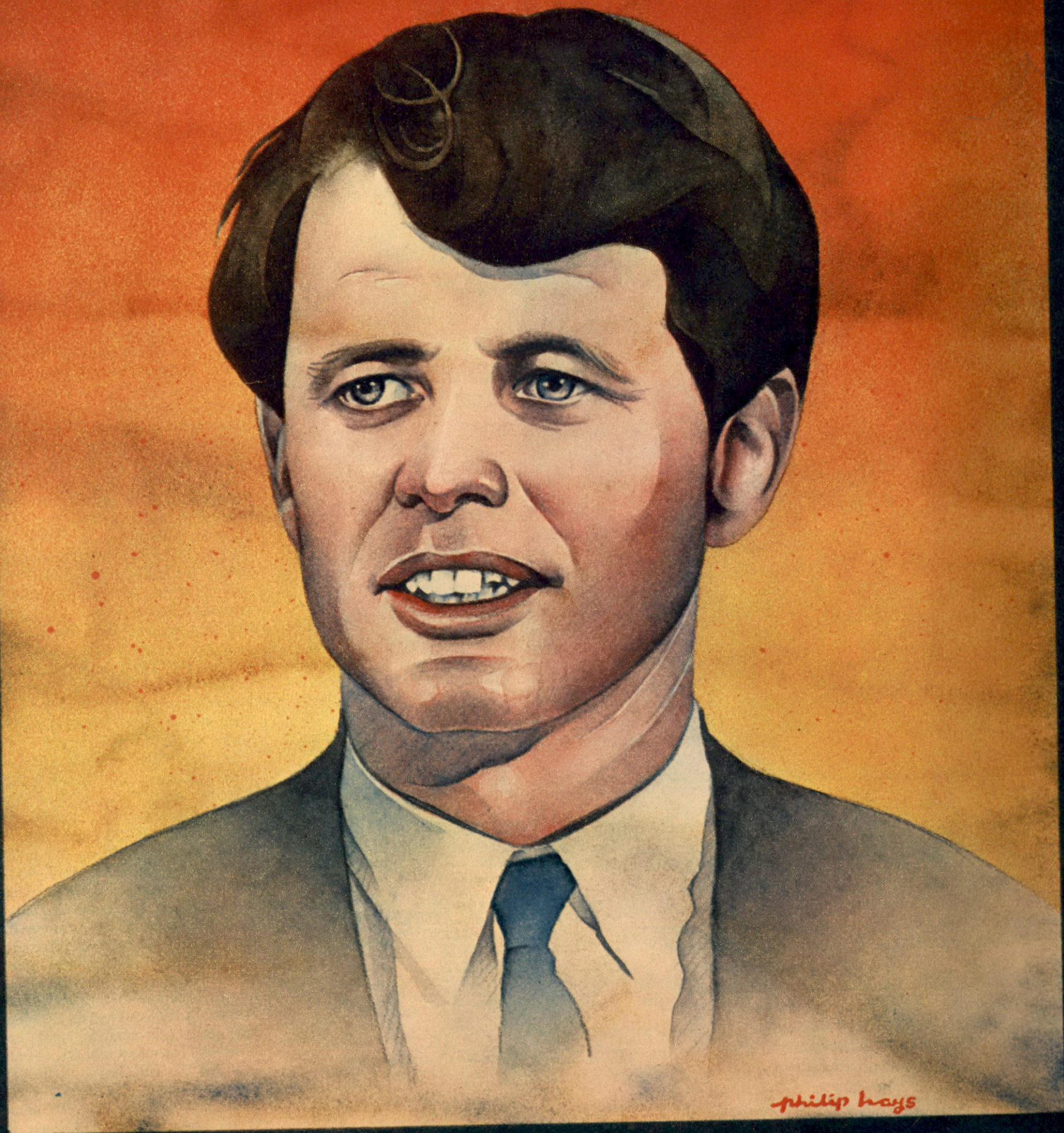
**Those who had seen it happen huddled together for warmth.**

When police finally took over from the volunteer law-enforcers and Bobby was rolled and bounced to the waiting ambulance, a group of us followed him out and then gravitated upstairs to the Kennedy suite where we had been toasting the candidate's health less than an hour before. "It was my fault," Rosey Grier was sobbing. "I should have been in front of him." We tried to console him: "How do you defend against a man with a hidden revolver? If you're in front, he moves to the side. If you're at his side, he slips in behind—" But Rosey was far gone in grief.

It was as if he was sobbing for all of us. And while Rosey sobbed uncontrollably, George Plimpton was shaking visibly. Sitting near the bed with his head in his hands, Charles Evers was moaning, "Oh God, how many have to go, how many more, how many? Will it ever stop?" Next to him a young black man we had seen earlier in the Ballroom: "You saw him. Was he black? Oh Jesus I couldn't bear it if a brother . . ." We said he looked brown, tan, and yet sallow, maybe from the Philippines . . . "Because he was one of us," the young man said, barely hearing. "A black man with a white skin."

An hour passed. Plimpton, still shaking, went to the hospital. Half a dozen people who had seen it happen huddled together for







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warmth. Friends kneaded Rosey's moose-like neck and shoulders in an effort not so much to relieve his agony as to express silent, futile sympathy. After he had been sobbing for perhaps two hours, he rose, swayed back and forth and then fell back on the bed with his eyes closed. We were afraid he might be having a heart attack.

Dr. Ross Miller appeared. He was the black physician from Compton (near Watts) who had been one of the first to answer the call for a doctor in the pantry. Rosey was all right, he said, it was just the strain. "If only I could have been between that bullet and the Senator," Rosey had been saying in his unexpectedly small voice. And Charles Evers still sat with his head bowed almost to his knees.

We stayed there until dawn, talking with fellow eye-witnesses, fellow mourners, too numb and dispirited to go home. And here another unanswered question is provoked. Maybe we have seen too many crime movies where the case-hardened detective is on the spot. You remember the line: "Nobody leave this room." In this case, one of the most catastrophic murders in American history, *everybody* left the room. Upstairs were a dozen eye-witnesses, many of them reporters, who had seen the gunning and the gunman at close range. Would it not have seemed s.o.p. for investigators to return to the Kennedy suite and question all the people there? There were a number who had been close enough to Sirhan to have been able to hear what he might have said during those critical 27 minutes before the police arrived. He said very little but he did speak a few sentences. Apparently he did say, "I did it for my country." Would it not have been better—nay, essential!—to get the fresh and immediate observations of these eye-witnesses, instead of getting around to many of them months later when memories have to be reconstructed? Sam Yorty had often claimed that the LAPD is the most efficient police force this side of Scotland Yard. But failure to inspect Kennedy's own suite and to question the circle of friends who stayed on there for hours after the tragedy would indicate that the local force, while not sinking to the depths of Dallas, hardly deserves an "A" rating for their police work in the Ambassador Hotel that night. True, the computer at headquarters rapidly traced the murder weapon to Sirhan Bishara Sirhan. But it is also true that they did not get around to some key observers for many months, if ever. Nor did the FBI. A good deal of telling evidence, some of which might have affected the very nature of the case, was never to have its day in court.

(Next week, Schulberg discusses the trial of Sirhan B. Sirhan.)





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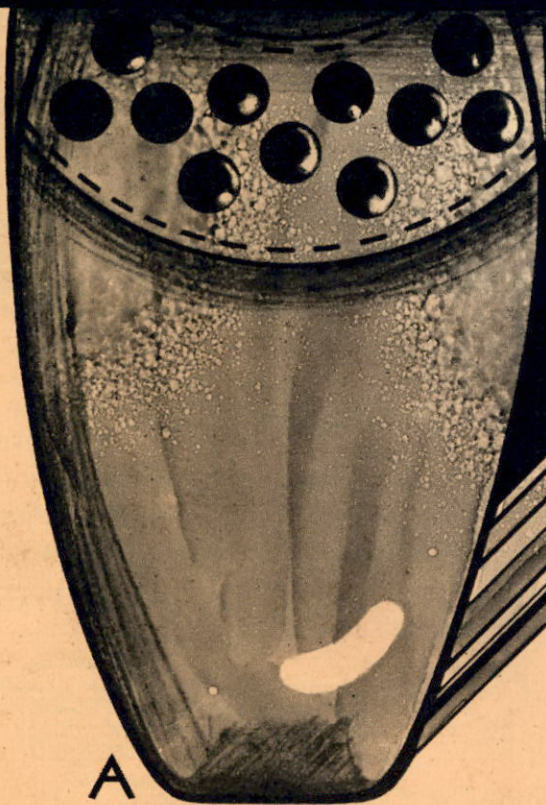
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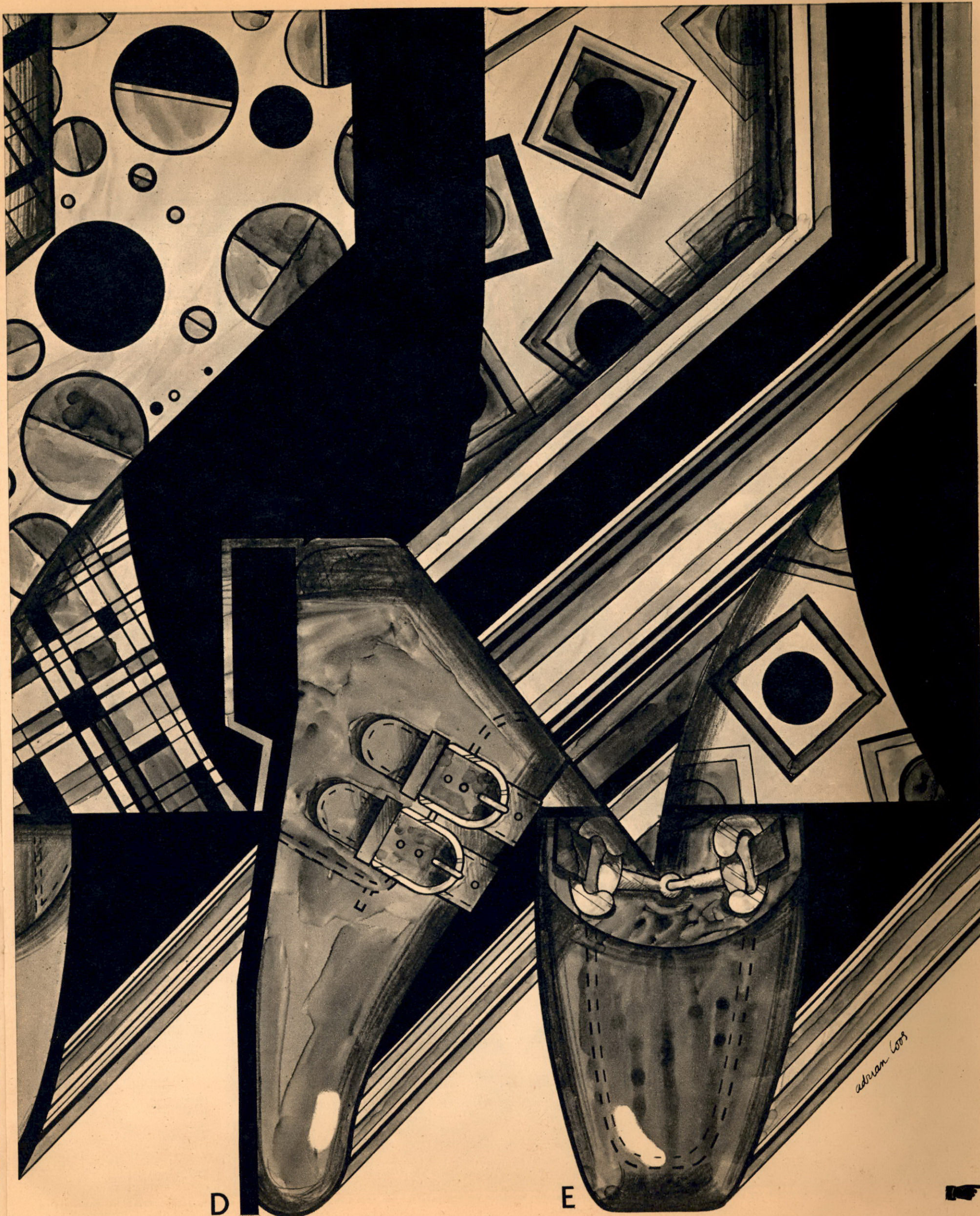


# IF THE SHOE FITS

by Jack Russell







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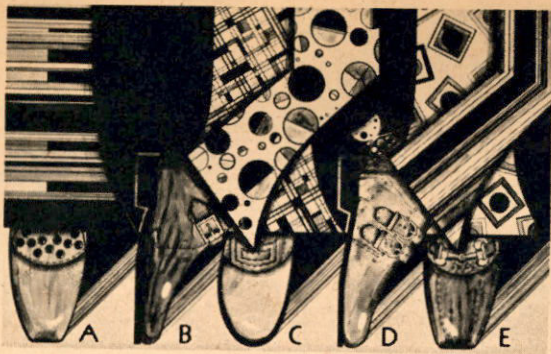
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# IF THE SHOE FITS



Boots—boots—boots—boots—  
Movin' up and down again!  
We can stick out 'unger, thirst an'  
weariness—  
But not—not—not—not the chronic sight  
of 'em—  
Boots—boots—boots—boots—  
Movin' up and down again!  
There's no discharge in the war!  
Rudyard Kipling, 1903

If Kipling's infantryman saw too many boots, there's no sign that today's fashion cognoscenti share his fatigue. Boots are the big news in men's footwear this season, and there is every indication the trend will grow rather than diminish.

The reason is sound.

Boots naturally complement the current vogue for sideburns, moustaches, Edwardian suits, puffed sleeve sports shirts and flared bottom slacks.

Current styles range from just over-the-ankle chukkas to over-the-calf-top boots. Most have squared toes. As yet, none has appeared with tassels of the 19th century Hessian styles. But their return is almost assured as variations on the theme multiply.

The boots on Pages 16-17 are prime examples of these variations:

A. Stud-decorated Italian import, by Verde, with zipper closure (Nunn-Bush's Brass Boot, Beverly Hills, \$30).

B. The Bengal, by Johnston & Murphy, with ankle strap (Bullock's Downtown, \$47.50).

C. British Consul, English import with self-buckle decoration and zipper closure (Mr. Guy, \$37.50).

D. Double-strap English boot, similar to jodhpur in styling, in smooth brown calf (Regal

Shoe Shop, Hollywood, \$19.95).

E. Buckle-decorated, side-zip Italian high boot by San Remo (Sy Amber, Hollywood, \$42).

Today's boots have a distinguished lineage. President Monroe was inaugurated in boots with silver buckles. And, of course, Teddy Roosevelt wore them up San Juan Hill, not to mention the scores of cowboys from Tom Mix to Lorne Green who've ridden the motion picture and TV ranges.

The debut of boots as fashion footwear for civilians was around 1789. It was then that they replaced slipper-shoes in most men's wardrobes in this country and abroad. They continued to be popular through most of the 18th and 19th centuries. Then they reverted to their role as footwear primarily for the military and for heavy-duty wear.

It is highly doubtful that boots will again entirely replace oxfords and other low-cut shoes, but more and more men are adding them to their wardrobes. As they do, additional styles continue to be developed.

In all, there are some two dozen, generally recognized types of boots. Many are only of historical interest but, as the fashion grows, more interpretations can be expected to appear and reappear.

# Like a ray of Sunshine over Southern California

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**Question: Has success spoiled the fresh young ingenue from last year's most talked about movie? Answer:**

In Hollywood, where things are distinctly not what they used to be, Katharine Ross has come about as close as a performer can, these days, to the classic patterns of fame, fortune and bad press.

She was discovered flukily in San Francisco, where she was fetching coffee and doing small parts in a repertory company for \$25 a week. She was brought to Hollywood by one studio (Metro) which dropped her with myopic speed, but she was saved by the better vision of Universal. Nobody is a contract player at a studio anymore, but she is, and was groomed in the old way through minor roles (*The Singing Nun*, *Buddwing*, *Shenandoah*) to a co-starring role (*Games*) to the big, big time of *The Graduate*.

Now we and she are nigh on to two years post-*Graduate*, that comedic commentary on our times having exploded before us in the latter part of 1967, bringing as it did fame, (moderate) fortune and an Academy Award nomination to Miss Ross. As of the spring of 1969, Miss Ross was on suspension from Universal—a once commonplace but now almost-forgotten status arising from the contract player's refusal to do what the studio says.

Classic pattern, indeed. Miss Ross was suspended for refusing to play the sexy stewardess in Ross Hunter's doubtlessly lavish and certainly star-studded production of *Airport*. Jacqueline Bisset is playing the stewardess and Miss Ross says, "I feel better, much better, being on suspension. The studios are just not tailored to the needs of the individual. The individual has no defenses, except to say no. I said no."

While this smacks of pouting temperament, a classic enough commodity in Hollywood, Miss Ross conveys instead a calm sense of dangers weighed and found worth taking. "You have to know what you want out of your work or out of your life," she said not long ago. Being part of Hunter's glossy entertainment was ruled out of both.

Being on suspension is only part of her fidelity to old-time patterns. With fame has come first the gee-whiz coverage and then, as it usually does, the sharper and more intrusive attention. Her suitors, including a screenwriter named Clair Huffaker and the rodeo star Casey Tibbs, have drawn incessant

attention, and so, until it became old news, did her on-going romance with the outstanding young cinematographer Conrad Hall, who just finished filming *The Happy Ending* for Richard Brooks.

"I stopped reading anything about myself several months ago," Miss Ross says. "Funny thing, as you become famous, people write less nice things about you." She feels that one national magazine piece in particular took the flesh off her in great bleeding strips and it was at that point she decided that no news was good news.

"You should only talk about your work," she says. "Anything else has nothing to do with the art." Quite apart from the reportage she finds malevolent, there are the simple fatalities.

"In my case it has been all this stuff about animals. I have dogs and horses. You would have thought I kept the Los Angeles Zoo in my living room. My father called me one day and said, in great amusement, 'How are your rabbit and your monkey doing?' There are incredible amounts of inanities in what's written about movie people. I object to it."

"It's the difference between seeing smiling photographs of yourself and seeing yourself in the mirror. In a way, it's the same thing that happened to me when I came here five years ago. I'd read that so-and-so was going to do such-and-such and I'd get excited, or distressed. My agent, Wally Hiller, kept saying that 90 percent of that stuff turned out to be untrue. It's still that way, except that now it's about me some of the time. I don't need that distress, so I don't read."

The going has also gotten rough critically—or professionally. Although she made it before she did *The Graduate*, *Games*, a sleek little Gothic horror movie, was released later, in large part to capitalize on her success in *The Graduate*. While she was let off kindly enough, it was less than a giant step forward after the Nichols triumph.

With her next picture, *The Hellfighters*, a large bomb of a work in which John Wayne starred as a professional extinguisher of oil-well fires, the critics were harder put to be charitable. On the evidence of *The Hellfighters* Rex





## Katharine Ross and the Post-'Graduate' Blues

**Not necessarily, but some of the nonsense she's run into has sure spoiled success • By CHARLES CHAMPLIN**

Reed, who runs a training school for hornets, wrote that her career "seems to be disintegrating faster than you can say *The Graduate*." Others spoke unkindly of Universal's lack of discretion in exploiting their captive star in such a turkey.

Since then she has finished *Willie Boy* with Robert Redford for the veteran director Abe Polonsky. This is a semi-modern western set in about 1910 and Miss Ross plays an Indian girl, with her hair cut short and dyed black. "I did an Indian on television once," she recalls, "and it was dreadful, one of those awful Hollywood Indians with long braids. But Polonsky's script called for authenticity, not a Hollywood Indian, and I think it went well." Polonsky, blacklisted for a long time, was directing his first feature in 20 years and Miss Ross admired him immensely.

"I've come to know that it's the director who does it all," she says. "He sets the tone for what it's like to be in that company. It has to do with respect, and Abe got it."

She has also finished *Butch Cassidy and the Sun Dance Kid*, this one starring Paul Newman and Robert Redford and directed by George Roy Hill for Twentieth Century-Fox. The schedule called for her to work only sporadically on the picture, a situation she despises since it is hard enough to develop any continuity or momentum in the best of conditions, given the stop-and-go nature of movie-making. She has no clear impression whether she or the movie will be good, bad or indifferent.

"The script read well," she says, "but it was deceptive in the problems it was creating. Scripts can fool you. Look at *Candy*. That must have been a fantastic script because look at the people who read it and said, Hey, yeah, I want it: Burton, Brando, all of them. But I hated *Candy* when I saw it. I hated it so much I worried that maybe I was in a worthless pursuit."

That did not endure. But, something more than a year after the delicious pleasure of the Academy nomination ("Say what you will, when you get that phone call on the Monday morning, it's so exciting; I went insane"), it is a rather curious career time, when the perils of fame have come to seem a bit

more conspicuous than the rewards.

"You get a taste of what happened to the author of *Mr. Roberts*, worrying himself to suicide over what you do to follow the kind of success he'd had. You do get terrified of what next, and you're incessantly aware of the attention, The Public. Everybody waiting to see. It becomes a consideration, against your will. I hate that whole thing. You come to consider the possibility of your failing, and at that moment it becomes a false, inhibiting thing to consider. But if you go on, hopefully you use your integrity to pick the things you really want to do."

"There are times when it's terrific, the fish bowl thing," she says, "the people staring and coming up. Your life takes on a different aspect. It's terrifically flattering. There is something called The Public and you do begin to believe in it. And that's just the point at which you also begin to get scared, a little bit or a lot."

"You just have to know what you want to do, whether they're writing terrific things or bad things about you. It's like being a secretary: you worry about what you worry about, though you think it's magnified a thousand times over what anyone else has to worry about."

What it is is simply that life gets a good deal more complicated for the public Katharine Ross than it was for the semi-private Katharine Ross, and that even if privacy can be found, almost all the complications follow you.

"It's difficult to stay spontaneous," she says. And in the quest for more demanding assignments, "It's not doing what's hard to do, it's figuring it all out, all the things beside the acting. I hate all the other stuff, and I didn't know how much until I began to be in touch with all of it."

"I'd like to be able to be like a director, like Richard Brooks, say. And be able to say, I did my best, and this is it and there's nobody to blame but me."

"Acting is important to me, but so is the rest of my life, and what I still keep in mind is that the pressure of being successful lasts so short a time."

"When my father saw *The Graduate* he said it was better than he thought it would be. Now that's a calm attitude to have. I try to keep it in mind."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER





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 she's young, romantic, and one of Jean d'Albret's  
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# CANADA'S HIGHWAY TO THE ARCTIC

By OREN BATES

Moans like those of a dying man pierced the forest stillness as we walked a timber cutline in northern Alberta's wilderness. Guide Harold Dzaman quickly vanished behind a log while I evaporated into the dense grass.

"Bull moose!" Dzaman rasped in a stage whisper. "No more than 50 yards away!" We peered into the dense timber and waited. Five minutes passed. Three more moans came from the woods behind the cutline. The forest curtain obstructed our view as completely as a concrete wall.

Cupping hands to his mouth, Dzaman uttered three short moans in reply—a reasonable facsimile of the moose love call. I half-expected a huge bull to crash out of the timber. Instead, it replied with three more grunts.

We listened to and returned the love calls for an hour before giving up. Together, we crept into the bush and found the clearing where a cow and bull had paused before vanishing back into the forest.

Not getting off a shot, or even seeing a moose, was no great disappointment along the Mackenzie Highway that penetrates the sub-arctic wilderness of Canada's Northwest Territories. Fresh moose trails, worn like cattle paths, crisscrossed the cutline in several places. We were in a moose kingdom, and often would see a cow and bull trotting across the opening in the cutline behind us, then turn and see a cow, bull and bewildered calf crossing in the other direction.

These primitive forests teem with game nearly as profuse as in the African veldt. Imagine up to three moose per square mile, over an area as

westtravel 



PHOTOGRAPHY BY OREN BATES

When the rugged Mackenzie Highway bisecting Canada's Northwest Territory is finally pushed through to the Arctic Ocean (see map, Page 27), scenes like these of a pair of grazing musk oxen on the tundra and a smiling Eskimo woman from the modern metropolis of Yellowknife will greet motoring travelers.



vast as all Kenya—seven foot, 1,000-pound monsters so numerous that timber wolf eradication was abandoned to help check the increase in moose population.

We were 30 miles west of Manning, Alta., 500 miles north of the Idaho line—so far north that Sitka, Alaska, lay to the southwest. Yet, we were only three driving days from Los Angeles. In a few days more we would be far north of even this distant outpost, crossing the Alberta line into the undeveloped and unbelievably game-rich Northwest Territories.

The little-known Mackenzie Highway, not even indicated on most road atlases, now opens the world's largest remaining wilderness to campers and jeeps. The route leaves the Alaskan Highway at Peace River and turns bravely north, uncasing the earth's rarest and greatest variety of big game, upland birds and waterfowl. Our aim was to explore the Mackenzie to its very subarctic terminus.

Edmonton, a few hours by jet plane from Los Angeles, was the jumping-off place for Don Stickney and me. An easy day's drive in a rented camper took us into the heart of the moose playground.

Fears of becoming lost in subarctic bush have been largely removed by the Mackenzie Highway and the 30-yard-wide paths cut through the forests by mineral exploration teams. These cutlines crisscross the length and breadth of Alberta's wilderness, some of them extending 200 miles in each direction, into country as virgin as that discovered by Columbus.

Moose aren't the only monsters of these woods. On the second morning out, Stickney stopped in his tracks along one cutline, studying the ground. He had both his feet planted in a depression in the muddy ground. "We've got a grizzly bear in the bush," he said. Dzaman and I looked at the huge paw print, which nicely held both Stickney's size 10s.

Records indicate Alberta grizzlies are genuine giants. Back in the 1950s, an elderly Indian woman, checking her winter trap line in Swan Hills, was attacked by a grizzly. She stopped the monster with seven bullets. When she described the brute to local authorities, she was laughed at . . . until the Mounties found the carcass and measured it for the record: 12 feet tall. The woman is now listed in Boon & Crockett as the holder of the world grizzly bear record. Her weapon, by the way, was a lowly .22.

We didn't waste time hunting bears. By mid-afternoon Dzaman found an ideal location for moose sightings—an expansive beaver dam. Ninety percent of moose sightings occur in lakes or ponds after 4 p.m. Fresh game trails two feet wide radiated from this pond. Conditions seemed ideal. I flattened out in the grass at a spot that gave me a field of vision 50 yards forward to the nearest trail. Dzaman hid himself at the water's edge.

Pulp books are filled with yarns about guides calling a moose with birchbark megaphones. Possibly it's true, though I have yet to hear an experienced guide admit successfully using this technique. Dzaman had a far different method: Every few minutes he splashed water with a tree limb, to imitate the sound of a female moose urinating.

An hour of sporadic splashing finally produced results. A pair of four-foot brown antlers poked through the timber. Head down, ears extended to pick up sounds off the ground, the bull listened momentarily, then left the trail and headed straight for the splashing.

Shouldering my Winchester .308 automatic, I

zeroed in on the heavy neck just ahead of the shoulders and squeezed off a shot. The bull wilted in his tracks. Stickney appeared in a moment, his brown eyes beaming. "I've got a big cow," he said. Walking into a dense poplar forest to examine his kill, I spied a patch of black fur slinking below the ridge. "Over there—to the right!" I said. Stickney looked, then snapped off a 100-yard shot. A huge black bear, hit in the neck, lurched to the ground.

That's Mackenzie Highway hunting—two moose and a black bear within minutes.

Eight inches of snow and howling winds enveloped the countryside the next morning as we prepared to leave Manning and push north up the road. "Never let this stuff scare you out this time of year," Stickney advised. "We'll hit sunny weather within 75 miles." He was right. About an hour and a half north we were in bright sunshine, and the temperature was a more comfortable 60 degrees.

The terrain in this part of the continent, eroded by glacial and oceanic activity, is nearly flat, seldom exceeding 2,000 feet in elevation. The landscape resembles the Dakotas, except for the endless forests and profusion of game in the roadside timber.

A graded gumbo road heads southwest from the Mackenzie at the Meander River Junction, toward the Hay and Zama Lake wilderness 72 miles away. This is the Grand Central Station of migrating geese. Flocks from Canada, Alaska and Siberia rendezvous here before pouring south into U.S. flyways, sometimes at telephone-pole heights.

Repeatedly, we stopped beside roadside marshes where mallards, scaup and widgeons stared at us dumbly from 30 feet away. Unaccustomed to hunters, they refused to fly. Spruce, ruffed and sharptail grouse lolled along the Mackenzie like domestic chickens. We could have shot a hundred between Manning and the Territorial border. Northern upland bird seasons extend from August into December, with limits of 25 each, plus 10 geese and 10 ducks—all on a \$25 nonresident license. Moose shooting extends from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31. Nonresident fee is \$50. Surprisingly, the area is almost unknown to hunters; we saw no others on our entire trip.

Our next surprise was a disappearing river. We were in Northwest Territories, traveling beside the Hay River, when suddenly this Missouri-like stream simply disappeared! The water just seemed to vanish from its limestone banks. Backtracking, we discovered a sheer 140-foot cliff dropping off into a cavernous limestone valley, creating a waterfall nearly as impressive as Niagara. This cataract, Alexander Falls, is just one of innumerable natural wonders to be found along this remarkable highway. Fossils are available for the picking, and rockhounds can enjoy a treasure-house of pyrite crystals, garnets, amethysts and tourmaline.

Across the mile-wide Mackenzie River, breached by free government ferry, 300 miles of gravel road arcs off in a Y to the east. One arm skirts the southern shores of Great Slave Lake to Pine Point, the other branches off to the south and Fort Smith, circling inside 10,000-square-mile Wood Buffalo National Park, the world's largest.

Ten thousand buffalo roam this area at will, in great herds or singly, blocking the trails as the prairie bison did in the American West 200 years ago. A few pure wood buffalo, a northern species, also may be spotted here—holdouts

from the vast herds of prairie bison introduced to the area. The neck leather of this rugged wood species is four inches thick, according to taxidermists.

Inside this park are the greatest duck nesting grounds on the continent. An estimated three million duck eggs are incubated here annually. The rare whooping crane is making its last-ditch fight for survival within the park.

Occasionally we found the beautiful white willow ptarmigans nestled in snow or perched in red willows. These birds, following a heavy snowfall, move down in droves from Arctic and polar regions. Natives report the birds scatter over the countryside by the millions.

Seasons extend from Sept. 1 to April 30 on all upland birds—eight months of shooting. Nonresident fee: \$10. There are no limits. Use rifle or shotgun; both are legal. The territorial bird population is estimated at 15 million, the annual harvest of hunters only 30,000. You take your chances on the prospects at any given time, of course. It's a land of feast or famine.

On the shores of the Great Slave Lake, above Ft. Rae, Canada's largest Indian community, a sign reads: "Next 70 miles dangerous curves." Here we entered the original heartland of North America, the Precambrian shield. Three billion years ago, geologists theorize, this exposed rock formed the then-smaller American continent. Later, the Rockies pushed up. Eons of wind, rain and glaciers have reduced the Precambrian mountains to short, smooth domes and stubby ridges.

Twisting and winding through these stubby mountains, the Mackenzie leads into Yellowknife, a metropolis of 5,000 and capital of Northwest Territories. Here all governmental functions over a land larger than our 48 contiguous states are administered from a single building no bigger than a small hotel.

Yellowknife is a modern community. Its economy is based solidly on the surrounding mineral wealth, with the result that civilization is securely entrenched. Cocktail lounges and cafes compare with the best in Canada. Hotels and motels are plush. The homes enjoy every modern convenience.

Despite this, the community still has a frontier flavor. Big ravens perch on Main Street neon signs, waiting to swoop down and search for food in discarded candy sacks. Dogs still chase snowshoe rabbits down the streets and alleys. Though Indians, Eskimos and whites associate without strife, segregation is evident. Whites live on one side of town, Indians on the other.

North from Yellowknife, civilization gives way to true wilderness. So far, only 52 miles of the planned Inghram Trail have been hacked out of the rocky terrain. It will be the world's first highway designed to reach the Arctic Ocean, 250 airline miles away. Another 40 miles of construction is scheduled to start this year. Today, the Inghram Trail ends abruptly above the swift Cameron River. But its progress to this point is dramatic.

Most places it has been blasted through solid Precambrian rock. Waste boulders form the roadbed, while smaller rocks fill in the remaining crevices. Granulated rocks form an all-weather surfacing. Motorists in years to come will be able to drive to the very edge of the Arctic Ocean, to look out upon emerald green pastures and sky blue waters in summertime and see majestic nesting white swans, rare musk-oxen and endless herds of caribou, eskimos living in hide tents as they have for a millenium, polar bears basking on icebergs and narwhal whales swimming by. It



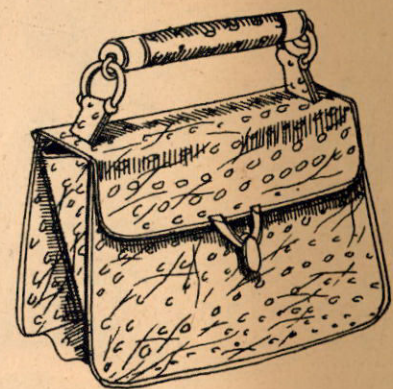
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will be a sight to rival the early views of Africa's veldts.

Tom Auchterlonie, territorial tourist development officer, guided us on the Inghram as it twisted and wound over domes and ridges covered with spruce, pine and birch forests. Each mile adjoins lakes or rivers with scenic campgrounds plus boat docks. One recreational area sports a three-mile wading and bathing beach. Too cold? The subarctic summer is a time of 24-hour sunshine, with temperatures often hitting the 100-degree mark.

Samuel Hearne was the first white man to venture into the treeless Arctic of northern Canada 200 years ago. Heading a British expedition, he was racing the Russians, who were pushing eastward from Alaska. He came without tent poles, assuming he could fashion them from native trees. When he found none he dubbed the land Barren Grounds.

Actually, it's a misnomer. Though treeless, the land has a stark beauty and does support a profusion of vegetation. Over 500 blooming plants and shrubs and 89 different birds and animals are native to the Barrens. And, contrary to reports, Territorial big game is not nearing extinction.

Game Chief Paul Kwaterowsky of Yellowknife is taking the first authentic game census, flying from near Alaska to the Hudson Bay and north to within a few hundred miles of the North Pole. He's found some startling things. Caribou, which had been thought dwindling to 100,000 head or so, are actually at a whopping 700,000. (He flew over one herd last spring that was a solid mass of animals five miles wide and 20 miles long.)

The musk-oxen, thought to be depleted to around 1,500 head, number nearer 15,000, says Kwaterowsky. Other counts: 6,000 polar bears, 10,000 Dall sheep, 2,000 pure strain wood buffalo, 50,000 moose, 1,000 grizzly bears, 5

million ducks, 7½ million geese and 15 million upland game birds.

Kwaterowsky said he plans to institute special seasons on caribou, musk-oxen and polar bears. He proposes polar bear hunting expeditions with Eskimo guides, the hunters traveling by dog sled and living off the land. It'll still be expensive sport, designed for the affluent. Hunting equipment and caribou clothing would be provided by the Eskimo village. Harvest of musk-oxen would be restricted to old bulls driven from herds by aggressive young bulls.

Musk-oxen will be a genuine trophy. These animals have enjoyed complete protection for a half-century, chiefly because they are the rarest of northern game animals. They once roamed these lands with mammoths and woolly rhinoceroses, and are among the few survivors of the ice age. This 1,000-pound beast has horns more lethal than a Spanish bull's, and it fears nothing. (A test herd was shipped to Alaska to stock a range area. The government soon asked that the "mankillers" be removed. The herd was banished to an Arctic island.)

I talked a pilot into landing near an Arctic herd several years ago so I could snap a photograph of two old bulls grazing on the tundra. The experience was chilling.

Crawling over the brow of a hill, I unexpectedly got too close. One bull, 20 feet away, lowered his head—a sure sign of attack. Next, he honed each needle-pointed horn on a foreleg bone. Raising his head, he snorted and stamped, then advanced a few feet. If I ran it meant certain goring. I climbed to my feet and stood frozen for 15 insufferable minutes before the animal finally turned, joined his companion and bounded swiftly away. Despite my shakes, the camera got one fair shot of the rare white-stocking-footed bulls. But I'll never do that again—at least not with just a camera.

Despite the ruggedness and occasional perils

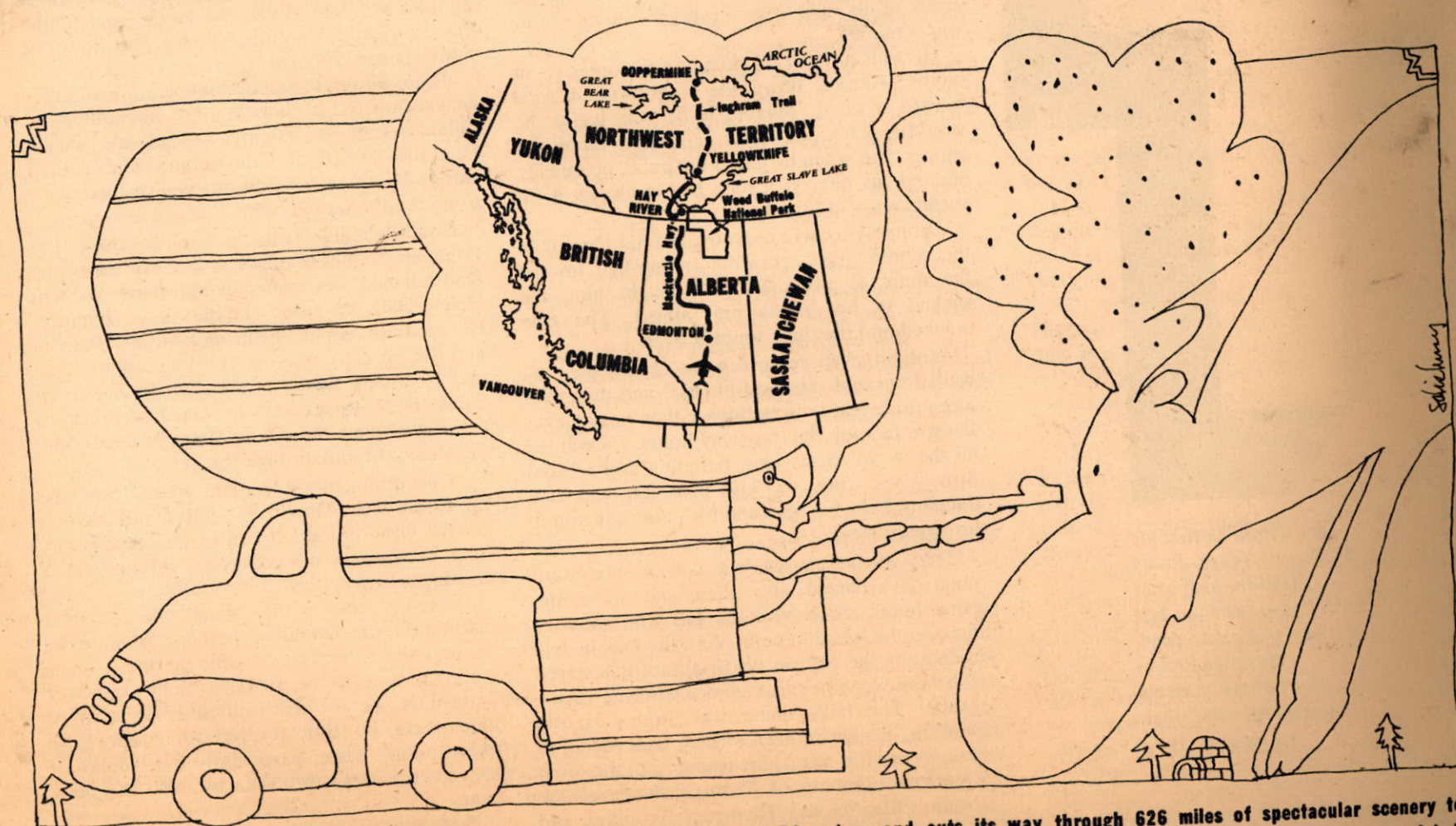
of this magnificent country, there is a constant spirit of fellowship to be found among the people you encounter—Indians, Eskimos and whites—in the Far North. Perhaps because everyone realizes his dependence on others, the Golden Rule is always in effect along the Mackenzie. We ran out of gasoline several times, but never felt stranded. Invariably, the first vehicle to come along would give us fuel. One traveler, a fellow in a pickup, stopped and poured 10 gallons in our tanks and then refused to accept payment. "Aw, forget it," was all he would say. He refused to give his name.

Costs may seem high: regular gas sells for 42 cents a gallon, at a minimum, and goes up to 60 cents in places. But a Canadian gallon holds five quarts (vs. four in a U.S. gallon), and the U.S. dollar becomes \$1.07 Canadian, putting the real average price of gasoline there below 40 cents per U.S. gallon.

Hotel double rooms range from \$9 to \$15, and a top sirloin dinner in Yellowknife goes for \$3.95, no sales tax. Our grocery list for two weeks totalled less than \$30. We lived off the land—Alberta moose and bear, plus Territorial grouse and trout.

A precautionary note on the Mackenzie/Inghram road: Gravel travel can be treacherous, so remain well behind the car or truck in front—say 200 yards—to escape hurtling rocks. Pull far to the right when meeting other vehicles, and step on the gas. Slowing down just increases your time on the firing line. We traveled 2,900 miles without cracking so much as a wind wing.

Canada's far north gets into your blood, despite its primitiveness and occasional peril. Perhaps it's the knowledge that you are one of the first into this breathtaking land that makes it seem worth the bother. I'll be going back one of these balmy springs, maybe this time all the way to the Arctic Ocean.



Mackenzie Highway takes off from Grimshaw, about 250 miles northwest of Edmonton, and cuts its way through 626 miles of spectacular scenery to Yellowknife on Great Slave Lake. From there on, only 52 miles of the Inghram Trail, which eventually will reach the Arctic Ocean, have been completed.



# THE GENERAL'S TROPHIES

Doolittle and friend Jack Parker (right) display the giant pelt of an Alaskan brown bear in Cathedral Valley.



**T**

Long before he flew his B-25's over Tokyo, Jimmy Doolittle went after much bigger game—a teal duck on an Alaskan pond.

It was the first of many prizes he would bring home after that.

By DEWEY LINZE

he year was 1906, and it was the kid's first hunt. He knew everything there was to know about the single-shot .22 rifle his father had bought him, and the youngster carried it in the crook of his right arm so everyone could see he was a hunter.

He walked from his home on the outskirts of Nome, Alaska, down the wagon-rutted road toward a pond. Maybe, if he was lucky, he would shoot a ptarmigan or a snow rabbit for supper. But when he got to the pond, he quickly spotted his quarry, a lone teal duck not a bit suspicious of a little boy.

Dropping to his knees, the kid hid himself in the tundra grass, crawling Indian-like toward the duck, as his father had taught him. He sucked in his breath and aimed. The rifle cracked and the duck toppled over.

Without even removing his shoes, the boy waded out and retrieved his bird and then with more pride and self-confidence than he had ever known, he took the long way home. He wanted all the world to see him, parading down Front Street, his rifle on his shoulder, the teal dangling from his belt, and his pants clinging to his skinny legs.

That was when the boy was 8. Sixty-four years have passed since then, and many big-game hunts are behind the kid who shot the duck on the Alaskan pond. And the luck he had in spotting the teal on his first hunt has stayed with him ever since, sometimes with life-saving results. The lad's name was James Harold Doolittle, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor as the strategist-leader of the first American bombing of Tokyo, winner of the Harmon, Bendix and Thompson Trophies, and in 1922 the first man to fly one-stop across America, from Florida to San Diego, in the

unbelievable time of less than one day.

Today, Jimmy Doolittle, a retired brigadier general and consultant to the aerospace industry, is not one to dwell on the past, except where hunting is concerned. On that subject, he will happily discourse anytime, anyplace. Since he was a boy, he has returned to Alaska's vastness twenty times in all—and he has been to Africa once, Canada twelve times, and Mexico six.

Doolittle's preferred sport is sheep hunting, although, he says, it lacks the peril of bagging Africa's Big Five—leopard, lion, elephant, Cape buffalo and rhino. Now, at 72, his most recent hunting adventure was in Baja California's desolate wastelands for the elusive desert bighorn sheep.

Doolittle's one-shot kill of his first desert bighorn sheep was one of the experiences of caprice that occurs many times in hunting. Three days into the hunt, at 3,000 feet and 35 miles northwest of Bahia de Los Angeles in Baja California, Doolittle and Leonard Gilman, assistant deputy regional commissioner of the U.S. Department of Justice's Immigration and Naturalization Service, spotted a ram with a fair horn curl.

Before leaving Bahia, Gilman had requested that Doolittle make the first shot if they saw only one ram, but if they saw two, Doolittle was to take the larger.

The flat, covered with native Mexican brush called copalquin and torote, forage for the desert bighorn, was rocky and precarious underfoot. Carlos Villa, the guide, spotted the one ram, and Doolittle, having the first-shot option, bagged it.

Then, perhaps a second later, a much larger ram scampered from a clump of copalquin, and Gilman shot it. Happy to get his sheep, Doolittle looked at Gilman and said with a shrug, "Now you've done it, you've forced me to go for the Grand Slam."

Doolittle really wants the Grand Slam, or Big Four, of sheep. He now has three of them, the Dall, named in honor of naturalist William Henry Dall, the stone and the desert bighorn. He hunts the stone sheep in British Columbia and the southern Yukon, and he finds the Dall in the Brooks Range of Alaska. To his credit are six Dall sheep, one stone, one desert bighorn and to complete the Grand Slam, he needs only the Rocky Mountain bighorn.

"I have hunted sheep many times," says the California-born Doolittle, "and I still haven't got the Grand Slam. It had better come pretty soon, because the mountains are getting steeper and higher every year."

Pursuing the game sheep holds great fascination for Doolittle, perhaps because he admires the animal's incredible alertness, or its eyesight, said to be stronger than six-power binoculars, or for its instinctive rejection of human contact. But for hazardous sport, he likes hunting bears, particularly the Kodiak or brown bear, the world's largest, and the polar bear.

Bear-hunting demands an endurance that men half Doolittle's age wish they had—and which Doolittle can call upon because he has



conserved himself so well over the years. He doesn't smoke, drinks only a beer or a glass of Cabernet Sauvignon when his weight of 140 pounds can afford it. Every morning he steps onto a bathroom scale, and if the indicator is below 140 pounds, he eats a gooey dessert for dinner. If it passes the mark, he skips a meal.

In fact, hunting has been a tremendous lesson to the wiry Doolittle, for he has adopted some of the characteristics of the animals he has chased. He portrays none of the stagnation of age, for his movements are as quick and sharp as youth.

He has avoided the vices that destroy the senses, and you see in the man the tremendous kick he gets out of life as well as the kick he is quite capable of giving it, if he doesn't like the circumstances.

When he hunts sheep, he climbs high into their environment. He wears clothing that blends with the terrain, light but warm, because hunting sheep often means altitudes of 15,000 feet in sub-freezing temperatures. For sheep, he uses a .257 Weatherby Magnum rifle, manufactured in South Gate by Roy Weatherby, a friend and hunting partner of Doolittle.

"Sheep hunting," says Doolittle, "is arduous, and it asks a lot of a man." It mixes excitement and tranquility in a blend that's almost narcotic, he says. The bear hunt is all excitement and no tranquility, and there always is an element of danger. Like the time Doolittle met a female brown bear on a trail in the Cold Bay area at the tip of Alaska's Aleutian Peninsula. It still grieves him that he had to kill her, for she was with her cub, and he says he is certain she was only trying to protect it when she charged.

"It was in marshy tundra," says Doolittle. "I was walking a bear trail that was about six inches wide, and it was a matter of walking one foot over the other.

"I came over a little hill, and the sow and I met almost head-on. She charged, and I had to shoot her. Ordinarily, a bear will leave when he sees and smells you, but there wasn't time for either of us to run. She charged instantly, protecting her cub."

Doolittle says that when a bear cub is born, it is about the size of a squirrel. The cub follows the mother around until it gets almost as large as she is, and then she boots it out of the family.

"It is interesting to watch bear cubs in the snow," he says. "They are just like children, sliding down hills on their rear-ends and stomachs. When it is time to go, the mother cuffs the devil out of them and leads them off.

"The cubs will follow her through the spring and the summer, and then the mother gets tired of this responsibility and eliminates them from her life. If she meets a new mate, he refuses to accept the cubs as dependents and runs them off."

The sow Doolittle shot had a cub that had been born shortly before the female had left hibernation the prior summer. Now the cub weighed 200 or 300 pounds and was large enough to shift for itself.

Doolittle was with Jack Parker, vice chairman of General Electric, when Parker killed a Kodiak bear that squared out at 11 feet 2

inches. He figures the bear weighed close to a ton.

The brown bear can halve a man with a single swath, says Doolittle, who has shot six browns, two grizzlies and two polar bears. Consequently, a hunter approaches bear hunting with some trepidation. Doolittle's biggest moment, however, had nothing to do with fear. Worry, maybe, but not fear.

One day Doolittle was hunting with bush-pilot guide Bob Shelton. They were in the Talkeetna area at the base of Mt. McKinley, one of Doolittle's choice spots for brown bear. It was late May, and there was four feet of snow on the ground.

Flying a ski plane, Shelton landed on the snow. Doolittle stalked a large brownie for an hour and then shot him. Then Shelton helped him skin out the bear, and they packed the 100-pound hide in the plane.

"After we got the bear," Doolittle recalls, "the snow softened. Shelton found it difficult to take off. We tramped down the snow with our snowshoes for a quarter-mile, and he took off, leaving me on the ground.

"He made two one-eighties and landed. As he cruised toward me, I grabbed a strut, stepped onto a ski and struggled to get into the airplane while he was airborne. This was the only way to board the plane. The alternative was to stay there until summer."

He calls polar bear hunting "rather hazardous," but other hunters would say it's a hell of a lot more than that. Living in an icy world all of its life, the polar bear develops a fiery hatred. You hunt polar bears with two airplanes, one landing and the other a circling guard against mishap. Sometimes you swoop low to take a good look at a polar bear, and this contemptuous creature will stand up on its hind legs and swat at you, as if to knock you from the sky.

Doolittle's contact with polar bears came while he was working on the DEW line (Distant Early Warning system).

"I was with Joe Brower, who operated a trading post at Pt. Barrow. He had captured two baby polar bears, which he later sold to a zoo, but how he got them almost killed him.

"Joe found a burrow in the ice. He recognized it to be a den of a female polar bear either with cubs or about to have them. He tapped his foot outside the hole, and the whole roof of the lair caved in.

"There Joe was, face to face with a huge polar bear. He had a 30.30 rifle with him, but he knew that if he wounded her, it wouldn't be much worse than a bee sting, and she would kill him.

"So, he fired a shot into the ice, and when the polar cringed at the shock of the noise, he dived out of the hole. Back on his feet, he shot the bear in the head as it poured out of the den after him.

"He then went back into the hole after the cubs, and as young as they were, they ripped his gloves to shreds before he could stuff them into a gunny sack and head back to Pt. Barrow. Believe me, if he had wounded the big polar, it would have been the end of Joe."

Another time one of the DEW line patrolmen was in a building of one of the installations. He had eaten dinner, washed the dishes, and when he opened a window to throw out the dish water, he dashed it into the face of a big polar bear.

"It made the bear mad," Doolittle said, "and it jumped through the window at the man, who fled into the communications room. He radioed for help, and the bear was killed. He was damned lucky that he ran into the radio room."

Doolittle said General Jim Davies, in charge of the Alaskan Air Command, was hunting polars one time and was a little off with his aim. He fired at a big boar polar, hitting it in the rump. Feeling the bullet's bite, it whirled around and knocked the sauce out of a little bear that was following him. Davis finally got on target and shot the huge polar.

Despite the polar bear's ugly temper, Doolittle thinks the day has come for their protection. He says it is too easy for hunters to take them, and the polar bear could be pushed into extinction.

"I don't want to see that happen," Doolittle says. "The polar bear is graceful and powerful, truly a magnificent animal to watch. But today's hunting methods, using two airplanes, hardly compare with yesterday's when men hunted the ice leads with dog teams and sleds and took their risks. If some protection isn't given soon, the species may disappear."

He believes the worst threat of species extinction exists in Africa, where the vastness of the veldt and jungle still protect some of the most sophisticated animals, like the okapi, a Congo antelope that looks half-giraffe, half-zebra. But the numbers of the game herds are diminishing.

Doolittle went to Africa as one of the hunters on *The American Sportsman*, an ABC television show. He hunted the Big Five and got four of them: elephant, rhino, leopard and Cape buffalo.

He had an opportunity to bag a large black-maned lion, but the light conditions weren't right for the cameraman, and he passed the shot.

"It was a terrific lion," Doolittle says enthusiastically. "The next day we went back and saw a pride of lions feeding on a Cape buffalo. We gave up because we knew that we would never get the big lion out of the thorn thickets."

He wouldn't say that he had a narrow escape in the rhino hunt, but he was chased up a thorn tree three times. "You don't realize that a thorn tree has thorns until you start down," says Doolittle.

He thinks the rhino is stupid. He recalled the time he tried to get a rhino to charge for the ABC cameraman.

"It was a massive animal," he said, "and it could have knocked over a pickup truck. Some Masai warriors on a hunt came by to watch, and we threw rocks at the rhino but it wouldn't charge."

After three days, Doolittle says they abandoned the rhino he nicknamed Horace. They found another but it wouldn't charge, either. Finally, they came upon a third rhino,

continued



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Doolittle wants to make one more safari to Africa but doesn't want his last hunt to be there. When it happens, he wants to be in the crags high above the timberline in the Rockies, where the sheep live

and it charged without hesitation. The cameraman got his film and Doolittle his rhino with a .458 Winchester rifle.

The leopard is, to Doolittle, probably the most interesting of all animals because of its stealth and cunning. He says, "The leopard is semi-nocturnal, and it isn't an easy animal to hunt. But when you hunt it, you have to put the bait, usually a dead antelope, in a tree and wait in a blind for the leopard to come out. The first indication that it is coming is when the hyenas hightail it away from the bait, then it just seems to materialize. In one graceful leap, it is in the tree and onto the bait.

"When it begins to eat, it loses its caution. Then you make the kill."

Doolittle remembers observing a suspicious female leopard on a bait late one evening, and he said that because the female leopard is illegal to shoot, he "scoped" the animal with his .300 Weatherby rifle.

"I accidentally touched a twig with my rifle barrel," he says, "and the leopard lifted her head, jumped out of the tree and ran off into the bush. What grace and beauty!"

By unfortunate chance, the leopard Doolittle shot later was a female. "The guide said it was a male," Doolittle recalls, "and I took it for granted he was right. Its size probably threw him. It was a one-shot kill, and it wasn't until we went over to the cat that we learned it was female. I felt very bad. We reported it to the game warden, who thanked us and explained that in the excitement of the hunt, the mistake was understandable."

In his story of the Cape buffalo hunt, Doolittle proves he wants the facts regardless of the public reaction upon his ability as a hunter. He bluntly admits his shot at the Cape buffalo was not a good one.

"I wounded the animal," he says. "We were 200 miles north of Nairobi in the Darsaloi area, past Mt. Kenya, when I made the shot. We had to track the animal for two days, and following a wounded buffalo is unpleasant."

He says the Cape buffalo, nothing like the dullard water buffalo of India, has very good ears, nose and eyes. It is intelligent and determined to destroy anything that hurts it. The professional hunters, Doolittle says, are very wary when tracking a wounded buffalo.

"The Cape buffalo will leave a trail, double back and stand in the bush and kill you when you walk by," Doolittle says. One of the reasons a Cape buffalo is so mean, he explains, is that every now and then he is mauled by the female lion, always the hunter. The buffalo then

takes anything as an adversary and charges without provocation.

Of Africa's Big Five, Doolittle sees very little sport in shooting an elephant, although the bull he killed had 93 lbs. of ivory on one side and 96 lbs. on the other. (It was dropped with one shot from his .458 Winchester in Kenya's Darsaloi area, where he shot the Cape buffalo.)

Doolittle has met most of the world's top hunters, including Frank Buck, and he has served twice as master of ceremonies for the Weatherby Big Game Trophy presentations, which have drawn famous sportsmen from all over the world. But he classifies himself as an amateur compared to the experiences of others.

One gets the feeling he loves hunting for a reason other than the shooting. Like when he talks of the African nights filled with the grunts, groans, coughs and screams of animals. Or when he describes the thrill of hearing a lion's grunt outside your tent, knowing that your guide has locked up your rifle.

Doolittle doesn't collect his own trophies. If he was to hang his elephant trophy in the little Santa Monica house he and his wife, Josephine, purchased 10 years ago, he wouldn't have room for a coffee pot. He has a few trophies there, but he didn't shoot them. Mrs. Paul Mantz, widow of the famous flyer, gave Doolittle a mounted Wyoming antelope head. "It was Paul's favorite trophy, and she knew he wanted me to have it."

Doolittle says he wants to make one more safari to Africa, and he advises those who have the same desire to make it soon. "The encroachment of human beings is reducing the amount of territory the animals need for survival."

But Doolittle doesn't want his last hunt to be in Africa. When it happens, he wants to be in the crags high above the timberline in the Rockies, where the sun and ice have scalded the landscape, and where the sheep live.

James Harold Doolittle has yet to take the Rocky Mountain big-horn, the last trophy in his Grand Slam. He thinks he's a little pressed for time, but it isn't reflected in his keen blue eyes.

"I would rather hunt sheep," he says, "than any other animal. But I'm afraid I don't have many hunts left in me."

So, if you should miss him from his modest offices in the Mutual of Omaha Building on Wilshire Boulevard, look for him at the top of the Rockies, at an altitude higher than his B-25 bomber flight over Tokyo 27 years ago.



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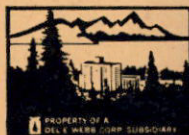
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## westletters

### Same Old Stuff

Dear Sir:

Re Stuffy Singer in your April 20 issue (*Success vs. Stuffy Singer*). Is he the same Stuffy seen on *Ozzie & Harriet* and the old *Beulah* show?

Judy Marse Appersoon  
Van Nuys

Author John Riley replies: *Yes. It is the same Stuffy. He also appeared on the first Dagwood series as Baby Dumpling and on an early local children's program, Sandy Dreams. He made thousands of television appearances in all. Today, he is a district sales manager for a funding corporation in Westwood. He gave up show business about five years ago.*

### 'Love Hoppy'

Dear Sir:

Bless you for the neat story on Bill Boyd, one of the nicest men in the whole world! (*One More Ride Into the Sunset with Bill*

Boyd, May 4.)

Bill Boyd and my father (Brian Donlevy) were on the silver screen about the same time. I grew up with Hoppy and I still wear the gold St. Christopher medal that he gave me about 12 years ago signed "Love Hoppy" on the back. Why is it when I show it to people they really think that I am putting them on?

Judy Donlevy  
Los Angeles

### Sharp Writing

Dear Sir:

What a great piece of writing is Alan Sharp's *Colorado, Utah and Montana* (May 4).

Mrs. Carol Coppersmith  
Los Angeles

### Can You Top This?

Dear Sir:

Can't imagine who could top Mr. Prelutsky in the field of writing. Certainly not I. Therefore, I must be trite by saying, "I enjoy his column (*West/View*) immensely!"

Evelyn Morrow  
Lakewood

### Well 'Bread' New Yorker

Dear Sir:

Having been New York born and "bread" for 25 years, my mouth watered for cafe Chauveron, etc., when reading Richard Levinson's *But the Salads Are Better* (May 11). They are! But may I hastily add my ex-New York mother-in-law's lament: "You just can't buy New York liver in Los Angeles."

Mrs. Barbara Grubman  
Granada Hills

Dear Sir:

I think that Mr. Richard Levinson's taste is not to be found in his mouth. He only echoes the remarks of many Easterners who delight in raving the fact that since the East is "older," we are only babies in every aspect of worldly culture.

If we are so provincial why do we attract such a numerous quantity of new settlers each year?

Ira Kaplan  
Woodland Hills

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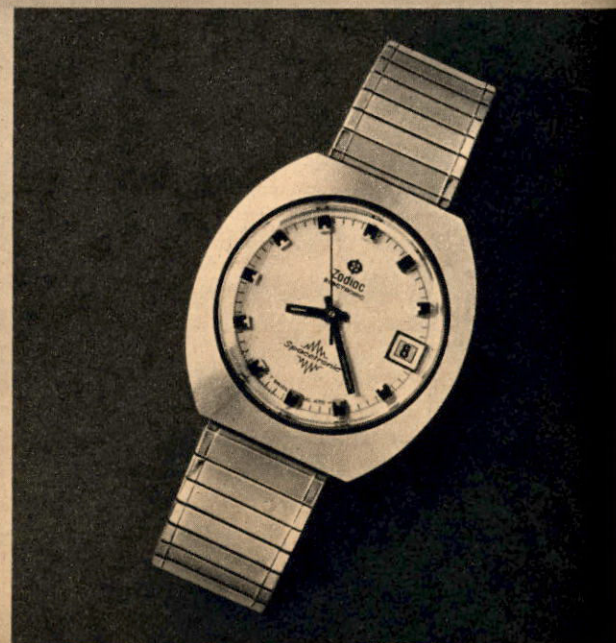
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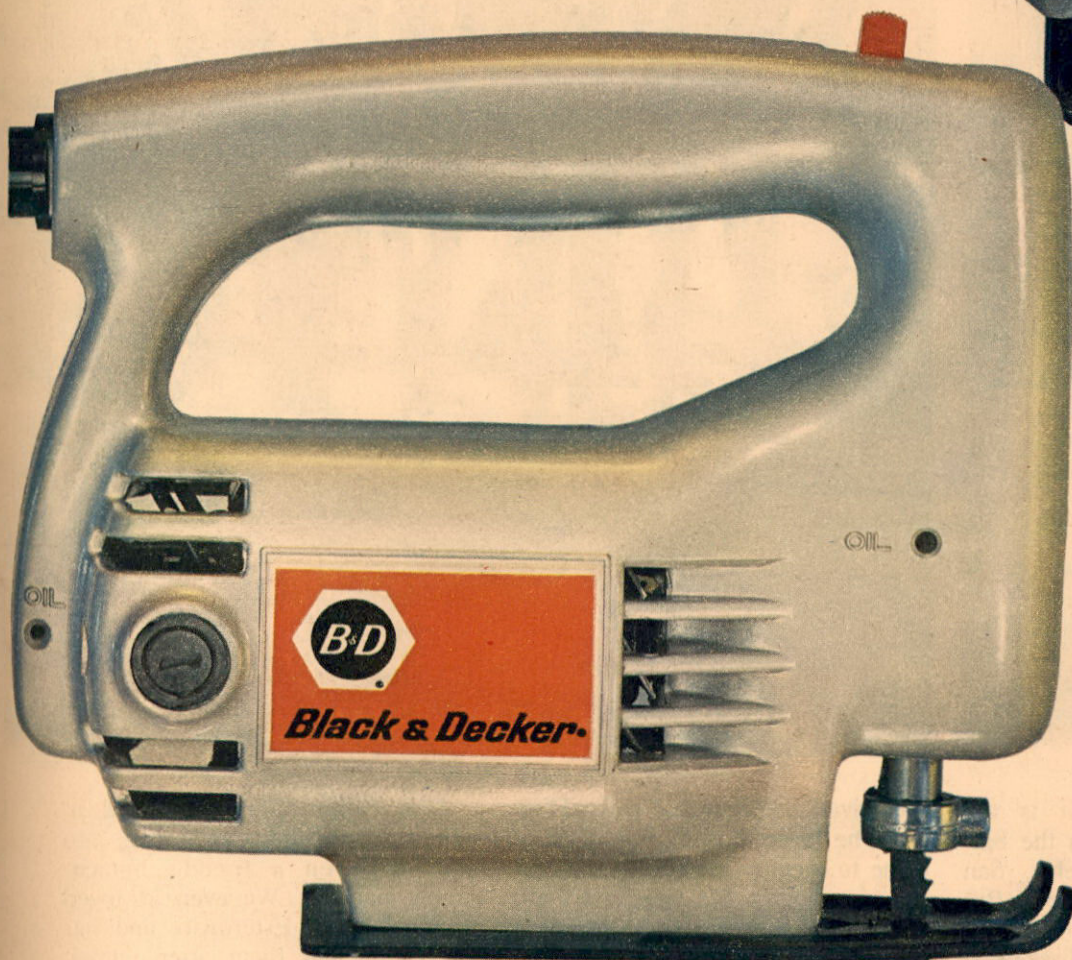
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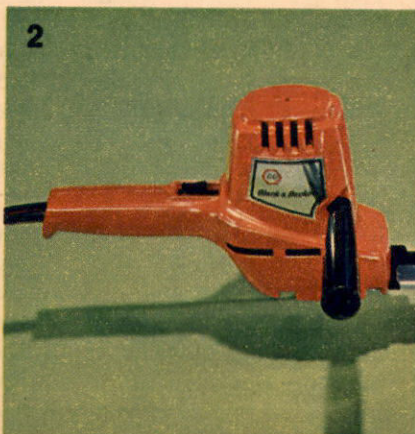
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# My Life as a Student Rebel



**Any controversy has at least two sides, and there are at least two sides in most instances of student turbulence. In this article, the author, himself perhaps a little turbulent at school some years ago, reports that current turbulence has one issue in common with the turbulence which he best remembers. By JOEL SIEGEL**

In most cities it is the university that is the battleground: Berkeley, San Francisco, New York. But not Los Angeles. Here the universities win basketball and football games and turn out millionaire athletes and the high schools are the battlegrounds. East Side schools, ghetto schools, even solid upper-middle-class West Side schools like Hamilton High. Hamilton is one of the best big city schools in the country. I know, because I went there. And I'm one of a bare handful of graduates of the class of Summer '60 without any letters after my name.

Hamilton was and is a great school. Great teachers, great kids. Learning-hungry, smart-mouthed Jewish kids out of Salinger and Bruce Jay Friedman and Portnoy's Complaint. It was something going to Hamilton High. Even the girls have become college professors.

We weren't much when it came to football (the gentile coaches invariably billed our annual game with

arch-rival, also Jewish, Fairfax High as "The Nose Bowl") but when it came to arguing, we could beat hell out of anybody. We were, after all, young men and women who wanted only to be (or marry) doctors, lawyers, teachers, CPAs. And maybe save the world from prejudice and totalitarianism.

We were young, fresh and idealistic. We were bright, honest and generally law-abiding. And nothing has happened to even suggest that this side of the Hamilton High student has changed over the years. So when there is trouble at Hamilton High — San Francisco, Berkeley kind of trouble—the kind of trouble that makes the newspapers and TV and radio, one must be pretty careful about whom he blames.

Not that there wasn't trouble when I went to Hamilton High, but then the cause was easy to spot: me.

I was senior class president and I had a mouth as big as Utah. I decided Hamilton needed a magazine. Then the word "underground" meant Paul Henried and the French Resistance, but underground is what it turned out to be.

Dan Pellin and I published it, edited it and sunk our savings into printing it on a friend's mimeograph machine. We even arranged to have Myra Esterowitz and her girls' club sell them after school. Dan, who now makes chess sets for La Cienega galleries, did the art. We hadn't the money for anything artsy-craftsy, so the cover was Dan's hand dipped in black rubber-stamp ink, which we made a little artsy-craftsy by adding a sixth finger. We called it *The Iconoclast*.

It was the Monday before Thanksgiving, 1959, the day we were going to sell them, after school. Except, for us, school had ended at ten in the morning. We had been pulled out of our second-period class and were marched in to see the principal. I knew right then we were going to enter into a disastrous communications breakdown. He, I knew, didn't understand us. And we I knew would never understand him.

When we sat down he looked at some index cards on his desk and said "I've just written down a few things to let you boys know what I think of what you've done." Then he





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE KAHN AND RICHARD GORDON

read a list. No verbs, no pronouns, just words. He must have looked in his Roget's Thesaurus and cross-referenced every listing under "Insidious." There were thirty words: "Bad, irresponsible, immature, careless, tasteless, dangerous, seditious . . ." He went on and on. Now I'll admit I was young, but I had carried on conversations before and I'd never heard anything like that.

What, after all, had we done? A magazine. Not terribly complimentary, perhaps. But—this was 1960, remember—no four-letter words. And nothing, a lawyer later assured me, even remotely libelous.

I knew there was—I was sure there must have been some grave misunderstanding. Wasn't it in this same school, his school, that I learned all about Freedom of the Press? About Abrams and Schenk and Oliver W. Holmes and clear and present danger? Had we—heaven forbid—shouted "Fire" in a crowded theater?

He didn't understand. He didn't notice the sixth finger and thought the black hand had something to do with the Mafia. Siegel and company,

the Mafia? He even questioned us as to the meaning of *Bar Mitzvah*. His school was only 85 percent Jewish. Maybe there were other words, even English words that he just didn't understand.

But, no, I know now that he understood just fine. He understood that if someone Downtown, someone in the Board of Education saw this magazine there would be controversy. And right or wrong, good or bad, controversy is always wrong and bad. What happens to the great, creative teachers? They are teachers. The great principals? They stay principals. But the careful, toe-always-on-the-line guys, they move Downtown. They earn \$25,000.

What could he do with us? I did call Alexander Hamilton a bastard. He was, you know, and I thought it was kind of ironic that our school—that pillar of morality—would take its name from a man with such a scandalous beginning. And I had found out and printed that our athletic teams, the Yankees, took their name from an Indian word that meant "coward." What else would the Indian call the white man?

Of course we didn't know it, but we had backed him up against the wall. He ordered our 400 copies of *The Iconoclast* on to the campus and, I heard later, personally supervised their burning. And he arranged to ship the two of us—the Leopold and Loeb of letters—off to other schools. But not without the required amount of lectures, ridicule, and hysterical parents.

And the meeting with the boys' vice-principal who was also a two-star general in the National Guard. "You're the kind of kid," he told me in his most forceful, most general voice, "who joins the Civil Liberties Union!" That was not a generation-gap, it was a life-gap. I was not an ambitious young man with a high IQ who would "make something" of himself. I was some kind of mocky freak whose grandparents talked with accents. I was no ordinary sixteen year-old smart aleck, I was a threat to the system! I read the *New Republic*. I not only liked the Civil Liberties Union, I belonged to it.

I was definitely not the kind of young man they could understand. Not the kind of high-school rowdy they knew how to deal with. While I was sitting in the vice-principal's office, waiting to be told my fate, two uniformed LAPD officers dragged some kid in off the street with a knife as big as your forearm they'd found not-very-hidden in his souped-up car. Now here's a case where they know what to do. He, that hoodlum, had to stay after school every day for a week. And I was kicked out of school.

In the nine years of my absence and through, I must add, no fault of mine, there have been some changes at Hamilton High. There's a new principal, John Sanders. He's done some pretty good things.

"We've had activities here at this school and speakers at this school that no other schools have had," he told me. "Dr. Kalish was here (a UCLA philosophy professor and militant Vietnam war critic). We have a Free Speech Forum, Student Human Relations Workshops, a Faculty-Parent-Student Advisory Committee. We've had Steve Allen. And Lou Smith of Operation Bootstrap speaking on Black Power. We've had draft counsellors speak to our senior boys the week after they get the military panel."

Hamilton even had an underground magazine going for a few years. It was called *Insight* and was published regularly until the editor graduated. And, one more thing. Next fall Hamilton will have classes in Afro-American history and literature. If you will, the complexion of the student body has changed somewhat over the years. In 1960 there were eight—count 'em—eight

black students at Hamilton High. "And three of them," one of those eight remembers, "were trying to pass." Today there are 300 blacks at Hamilton, about 12 percent of the student body. The change has shaken up some already shaky parents, teachers and administrators, but it doesn't seem to bother the kids at all—black or white.

The things that do bother Hamilton students are pretty much the same things that bothered me and my classmates. The great social issues that bother every idealist: poverty, injustice, prejudice, war.

There are some differences. These days the commitment is more universal. During the Eisenhower years you were some kind of ninny if you cared about social issues. Today the opposite is true. One reason there have been so many massive demonstrations in the past few years is that kids feel a need to demonstrate that commitment. And kids, especially upper-middle-class Hamilton kids, are not concerned about their ability to make a living or what a political commitment might do to keep them from making a living. They reason that if their father—dumb as he is—can bring in \$15,000 a year they, smart like a whip, can take a good job pretty much for granted.

And there's been a revolution in tactics. The sit-in, the Civil Rights Movement, Mario Savio and the FSM, the SDS, confrontation politics, the whole idea of student power all happened after 1960. When I was kicked out of Hamilton High there were no student strikes, no picket lines, no marches. The only time we saw a policeman on the campus was when they came to warn us of the evils of marijuana. And we believed every word.

There's been a revolution in perception. *Marshall McLuhan, what are you doin'?*

It never occurred to us that the social ills we got so worked up over when we read about Poland and Mississippi might be mirrored right at good old Hamilton High. Hamilton kids, today, not only think that way, they find them there, no matter how hard they have to look. And the Establishment-school administrators, the news media, politicians making hay, can make the finding awfully easy. My principal never heard about *Bar Mitzvah*. But a few years ago the principal of a nearly all-black school in the dead center of L.A.'s ghetto admitted to never having heard of Malcolm X. The broadcast media give great play to school demonstrations, especially those that unfortunately become violent, but they seldom tell you what in the world the demonstration was all about. So everybody who



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demonstrates, for whatever reason, is seen as part of the same faceless, purposeless horde and suddenly you—Young Idealist—are in the middle of Wenceslas Square the morning the Russian tanks grind in to town.

Nine years ago I was kicked out of Hamilton High by a principal who couldn't understand *me*. Last December five Hamilton High kids were kicked out of school because they represent a *generation*, a generation the *school* doesn't understand.

This time's trouble at Hamilton High started early last semester with a generation-gap-building debate on the school's Dress Code. The kids wanted to dress, well, like kids: long hair, sandals, miniskirts, etc. The school was trying to get them to look like Andy Hardy and Polly Benedict.

And there was debate over the 1984 bugaboo of computer programming. Last semester, as for the past nine years, Hamilton kids literally ran for their classes. You choose the classes you want and the teachers you want and line up for them on a first-come, first-served basis. Computer programming—substituting a kid and his counsellor with an IBM machine and *its* counsellor—was planned for the February semester if students and faculty wanted it. The kids, fighting the increasing depersonalization of mass education—bigger classes, more audio visual (and nonhuman) teaching aids—didn't want it. Neither did the teachers. But, they were later told, they were going to get it anyway.

And then there was Alan Shapiro. On December 6, Alan Shapiro was kicked out of Hamilton High for, in the principal's words, "using a four-letter word out on the outdoor stage and everybody in the school and the community can hear." The outdoor stage was the amplified "Free Speech" area made available for periodic use by students during their lunch hour. And after Alan Shapiro said what he said, he didn't get a chance to explain because he was pulled off the stage by the boys' vice-principal and was sent off to arch-rival Fairfax High. The VP's action, one Downtown administrator believes, alienated the nonmilitant, student-government, All-American (if a *little* Jewish) "good" kids who had been told they were responsible for the Free Speech Forum and so had worked out a contingency plan for just this Alan Shapiro kind of emergency. But now, with their vaunted responsibility wrested from them without so much as a how-de-do, when not-so-good students say "Student Government doesn't do anything—if we want something, we've got to demonstrate for it," these good kids will often agree.

Then came Friday the 13th.

That was the week Black Student Union leaders at Fremont High were kicked out of school. They wanted to talk about curriculum revisions—Black Studies. No serious educator has come out on record as being opposed to Black Studies courses. And here is a case of black kids, whom some of us accuse of not caring about an education, demanding to be taught. They tried to speak at a

faculty meeting. Well, whom would you speak to about a curriculum change? But students aren't allowed at faculty meetings. *Catch-22*. And Hamilton's BSU and underground (because it's not allowed on campus) SDS decided to demonstrate in sympathy with Fremont and for the re-instatement of Alan Shapiro.

Walter Henrickson, a very bright young man who would soon be join-

ing Shapiro at Fairfax High, was one of the SDS leaders. "Friday, fifteen minutes before lunch was over," he remembers, "we walked through the lunch court, picking up as many people as possible. When we got over by the auditorium the BSU (just coming out of a meeting) joined us and we marched through the lunch court. There were about 400 of us by the time we got to the

continued



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outdoor stage."

The bell rang for classes but the kids stayed. "Half way through fifth period people started moving away... so we decided to walk out if we had the support," Henrickson goes on. "We were going to walk through the Lab Building and the Administration on our way out. And in the Lab Building someone had the bright idea to sit down."

It was a spontaneous thing, the way most high school things are. Adolescent, maybe, but they have the best excuse in the world for adolescent behavior. They are adolescents. And the reason for it all was no Tom Sawyer schoolboy prank, or some loose hostility at a referee's call that blew a football game. It was education. Witness the SDS and BSU demands written up during the weekend between the Friday and Monday demonstrations:

*Education that teaches how not what to think.*

*Teach "true" history, including the history of minorities, in the regular curriculum.*

*Education should not be boring.*

*A student-teacher review board to review "racist and incompetent" teachers and administrators.*

*An open campus (no more fences).*

*Amnesty for all students who participated in the Friday sit-ins.*

*The re-instatement of Alan Shapiro.*

The demands are impossible because they are so possible. If the kids are angry because they aren't being taught, you can't say "that's right, let's work something out," because that's admitting you aren't teaching them.

There is a rather famous psychological test in perception where FIRE, and SMOKE, and two similar but obscene words were flashed on a screen before a group of subjects. Everybody recognized FIRE and SMOKE in a fraction of a second, but the other two words had to be on the screen for a full ten seconds before some of them would admit they existed.

So it's not surprising that when I was asking Mr. Sanders about student unrest at Hamilton High, he was answering about how happy

the students were.

"Look," I finally said. "We're just not communicating. At Hamilton you had 250 (by his count) kids who sat-in. You've had five kids who were suspended."

And while the students were listing their demands the administration and some faculty met and listed theirs:

"Students involved in Friday's illegal meeting and blocking the halls must realize that we do not condone this type of activity. It cannot be repeated."

"Students are expected to be in classes today."

Monday morning Mr. Sanders, his two vice-principals, some faculty and some elected student representatives met with the demonstration leaders. The administration did not want another demonstration, and the students, up until that time, weren't planning one. The principal, on top of all his other troubles, had the Hong Kong flu and was running a temperature of 102. He wanted to get some rest and suggested they all meet again on Wednesday.

Brad Armand, a BSU leader who attended the morning meetings, says "Amnesty (for Friday's demonstrators) was not granted and I think this was the thing that triggered the demonstration."

The meeting carried over into the lunch period and, according to Mike Phillips, another demonstration leader, "We went out with the clear intention of telling people what had happened. I stood up to speak and Mr. Burke (boys' vice-principal) said 'Don't speak. I'm telling you now, don't speak.'"

There was a crowd around and Phillips, Armand, and a third student—an ROTC cadet who they wouldn't let quit the Corps—spoke over Burke's visible objections.

Walter Henrickson says "Burke's action infuriated a lot of people. I'm not saying if he hadn't done that it might have changed things, but people were very mad that he tried to stop Brad and Mike."

The kids—by all counts, 150 of them—decided to go to the school's Attendance Office to protest Friday's demonstrators being given unexcused absences from classes they missed. And, once again, they sat down.

The principal heard a mob of students outside his office for the second day in a row. He set-up a simultaneous

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four-way telephone hook-up with the Important People Downtown and the decision was made to call the police.

The principal was out there with a bullhorn, quoting them chapter and verse (Education Code 16701—disturbing the orderly process of the school; Penal Code 602.9—trespassing). One teacher faced down student demands for a confrontation with the principal with the clever quip: "He has a fever of 102. Can't your revolution wait till Wednesday?" It was ironic, in light of the Alan Shapiro affair, because this teacher allegedly wrote a ten-letter obscenity on the blackboard one day, wrote the word "napalm" next to it, and challenged his students to tell him which word was more obscene.

"We finally called the

LAPD to send over uniformed officers to make the arrests," the principal told me, "and they got here at three minutes to three. When the lieutenant and myself appeared in the hallway the kids split and about that time the bell rang." No arrests, then, had to be made. And there was no violence, or even threat of violence.

Monday afternoon the decision was made to suspend the five student leaders—Mike Phillips and Walter Henrickson and his younger brother Dan of the SDS, and the BSU leaders Brad Armand and Reggie Gayle. Reggie is now at LA High, the other four are at Fairfax.

"They didn't get suspended for their demands," principal Sanders emphasized. "They got suspended for refusing to

follow the directions of the administrative staff of the school for holding unauthorized meetings, for encouraging other kids to stay out of class. Those definitely are Penal Code violations or Education Code violations." Case closed.

Of course the case isn't closed. For some reason there has been no official response to the students' demands. The response is to the demonstration, not to the issues the demonstration was about. This seems to be the pattern at every Los Angeles High School that has suffered from student unrest, and if there is a better way to insure more demonstrations and unrest, I can't think of it.

But there is hope. Hamilton has finally done away with

the Dress Code. If one parent can't keep one boy from walking around looking like Monte Rock III, how can one principal oversee the sartorial designs of 1500 boys and

still run his school?

And, in fitting vengeance, the computer broke down and last February 800 Hamilton kids had to run for classes anyway.

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